THE

CHARLESTOWN COLLECTION

OF

Sacred Songs.

ADAPTED TO PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

Principally ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS.

BY OLIVER HOLDEN.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

...k is principally designed for a Supplement to larger Collections, and as an APPENDIX *to the* Eighth Edition *of the* COLLECTION, *it was thought unnecessary to add the Rudiments.*

...en the constant endeavour of the Author to compose the music in a style suited to the solemnity of sacred devotion; and which he will accord with the sentiments and feelings of real worshippers.

As Sacred Poetry in general is best adopted to the pensive or solemn, he has aimed to give that air or character to the following compositions; which, if he is not deceived, will produce no trifling *effect on auditors or performers.*

CHARLESTOWN, (*Mass*) Nov. 1, 1803.

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[Tunes with this mark * were never before published.]

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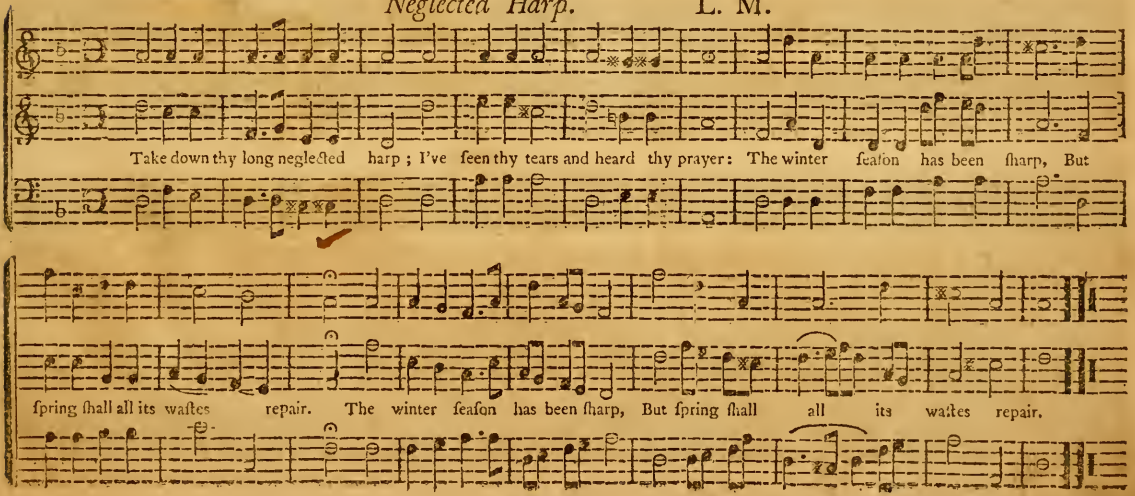
☞ Mr. JOHN COLE, of Baltimore, the ingenious Author of the tunes ascribed to him in this Work, wishes that this mark, may be considered as designating a moderate movement of TWO beats in each bar.

THE

CHARLESTOWN COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS.

Neglected Harp. L. M.

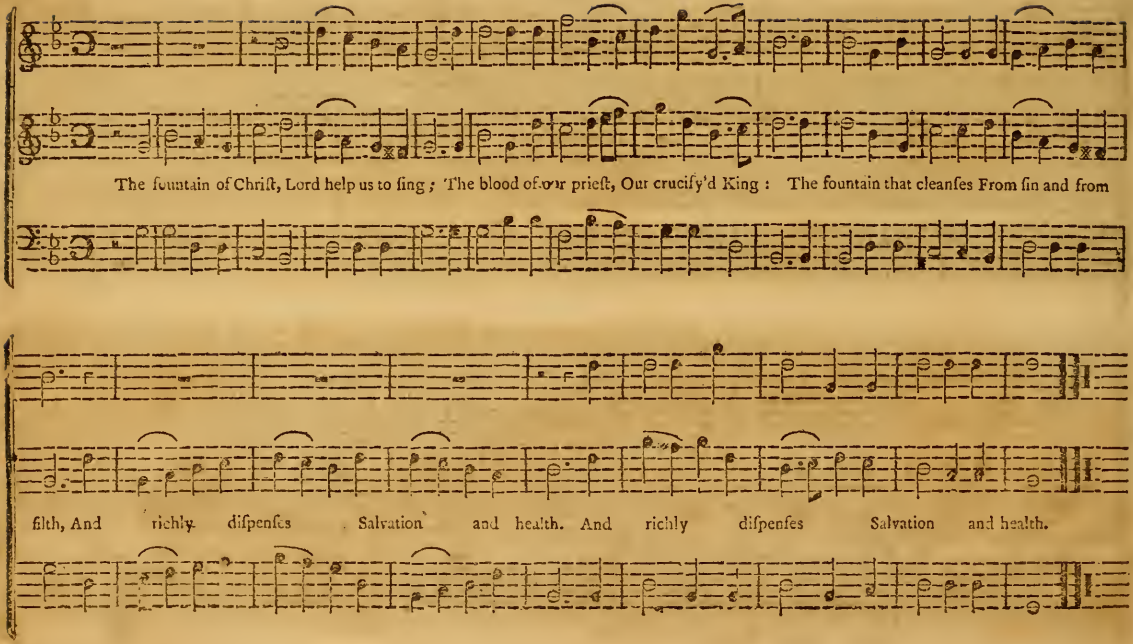

Take down thy long neglected harp ; I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer: The winter season has been sharp, But
spring shall all its wastes repair. The winter season has been sharp, But spring shall all its wastes repair.

Let ev'ry creature join To praiſe th' eternal God, Let ev'ry, &c.
Let ev'ry creature join To praiſe th' eternal God; Let ev'ry creature join To praiſe th' eternal God; Ye
Let ev'ry, &c.
Let ev'ry creature join To praiſe th' eternal God.
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker'
heav'nly hoſts the ſong begin, And ſound his name abroad. Thou ſun, with golden beams, And moon, with paler rays,

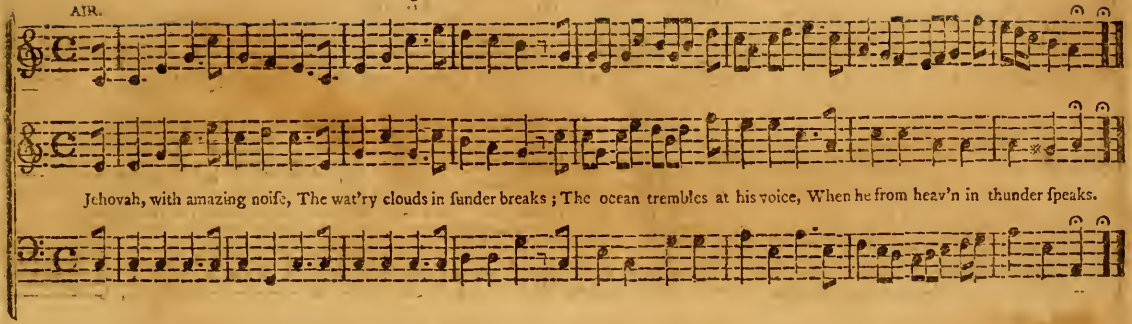
praiſe, Shine to your Maker's praiſe. Shine, &c.
He built thoſe worlds above, And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
By his command they ſtand or move, And
Moderato.
Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
By his command, &c.
Ye vapours, when ye riſe, Or fall in ſhow'rs of
ever ſpeak his name.
Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
Ye vapours, when ye riſe,

ſhow, Ye thunders, murm'ring round the ſkies, His pow'r and glory ſhow, His pow'r and glory, pow'r and glory ſhow. Wind, hail, and flaſhing
His pow'r and glory ſhow.
Vivace.
By all his works above,
fire, Agree to praiſe the Lord, When ye in dreadful forms conſpire To execute his word.
By all his works above His honours be ex-
By all his works above,
By all his works above,

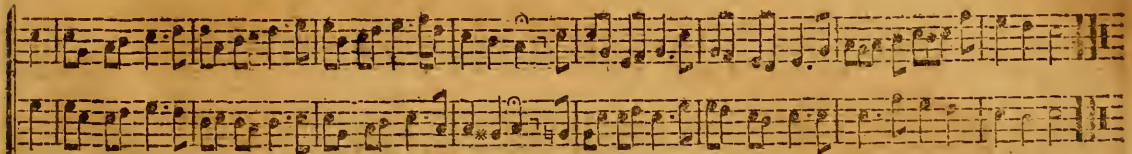
preſt, His honours be expreſt; But ſaints who taſte his ſaving love Should ſing his praiſes
Should
beſt, Should ſing his praiſes beſt. But ſaints who taſte his ſaving love Should ſing his praiſes beſt.
ſing his praiſes beſt.


The fountain of Chriſt, Lord help us to ſing; The blood of our prieſt, Our crucify'd King: The fountain that cleanſes From ſin and from
filth, And richly diſpenſes Salvation and health. And richly diſpenſes Salvation and health.

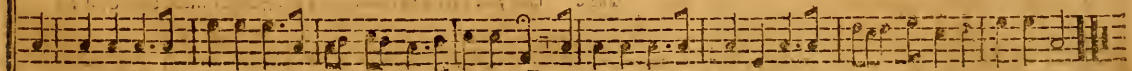
AIR.



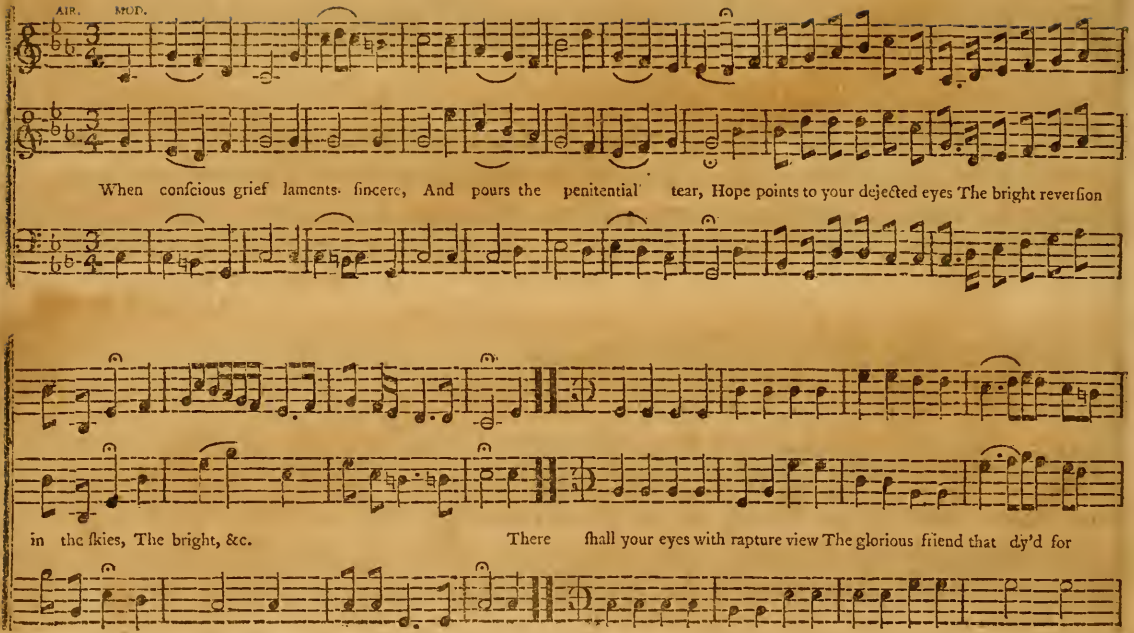
Jehovah, with amazing noiſe, The wat'ry clouds in ſunder breaks; The ocean trembles at his voice, When he from heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.

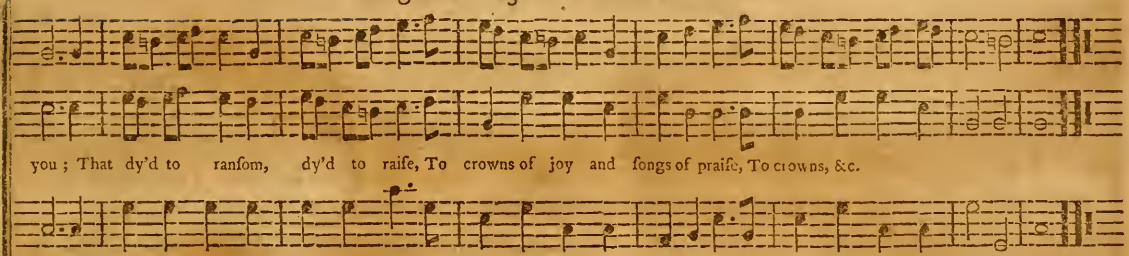


God rules the angry floods on high, His boundleſs ſway ſhall never ceaſe; His people he'll with ſtrength ſupply, And bleſs his own with conſtant peace.



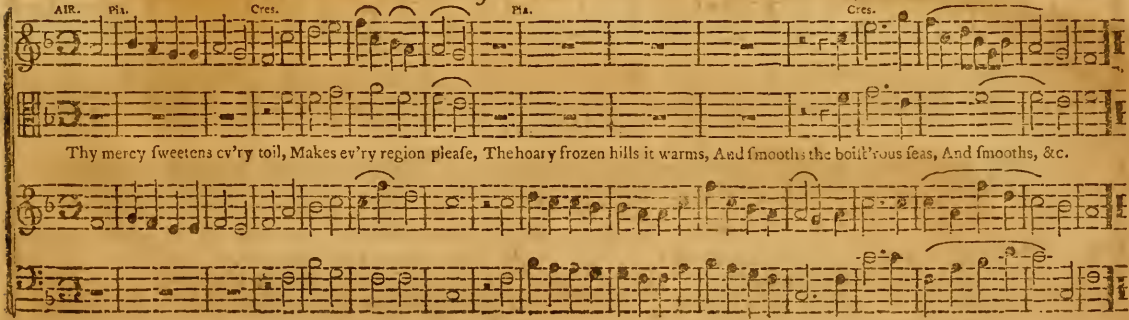
Bright Reverſion. L. M.

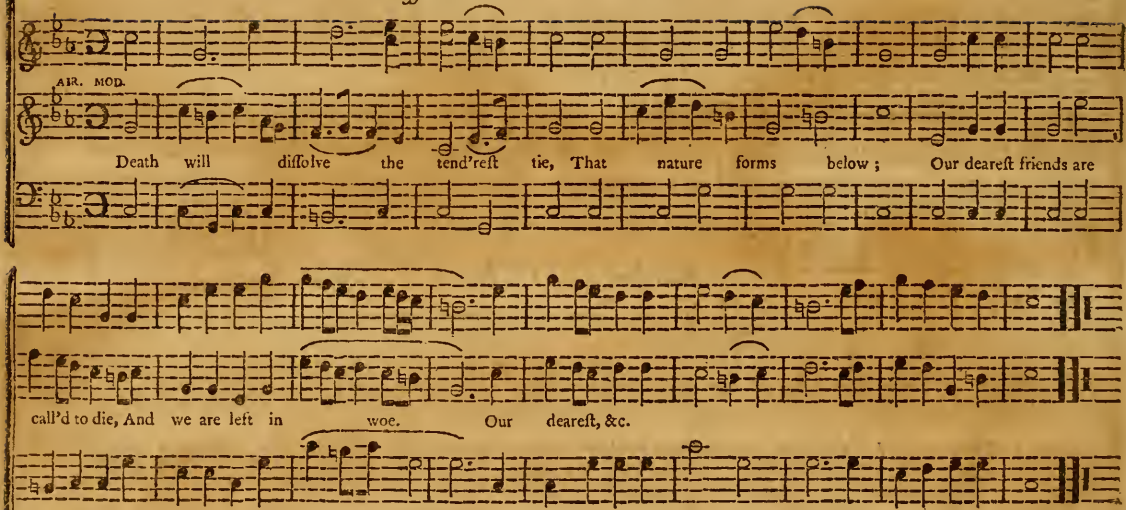

AIR. MOD.
When conſcious grief laments ſincere, And pours the penitential tear, Hope points to your dejected eyes The bright reverſion
in the ſkies, The bright, &c.
There ſhall your eyes with rapture view The glorious friend that dy'd for



Addiſon. C. M.

Words by Addiſon.


AIR.
Pia.
Cres.
Pia.
Cres.
Thy mercy ſweetens ev'ry toil, Makes ev'ry region pleaſe, Thehoary frozen hills it warms, And ſmooths the boiſt'rous ſeas, And ſmooths, &c.


AIR. MOD.
Death will diſſolve the tend'reſt tie, That nature forms below; Our deareſt friends are
call'd to die, And we are left in woe. Our deareſt, &c.

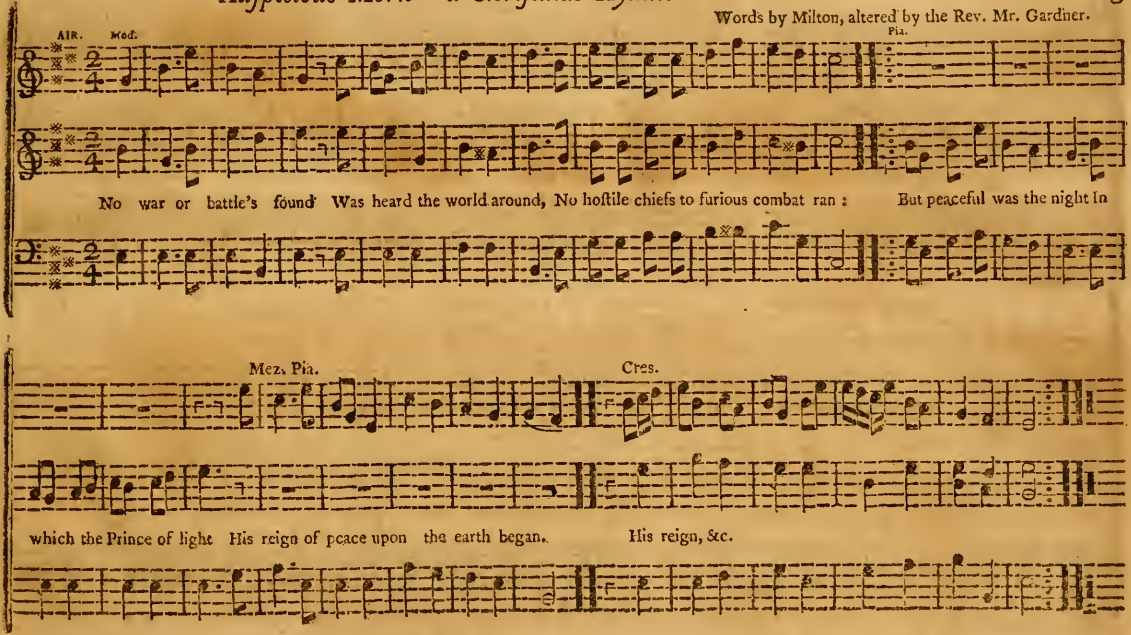
II.

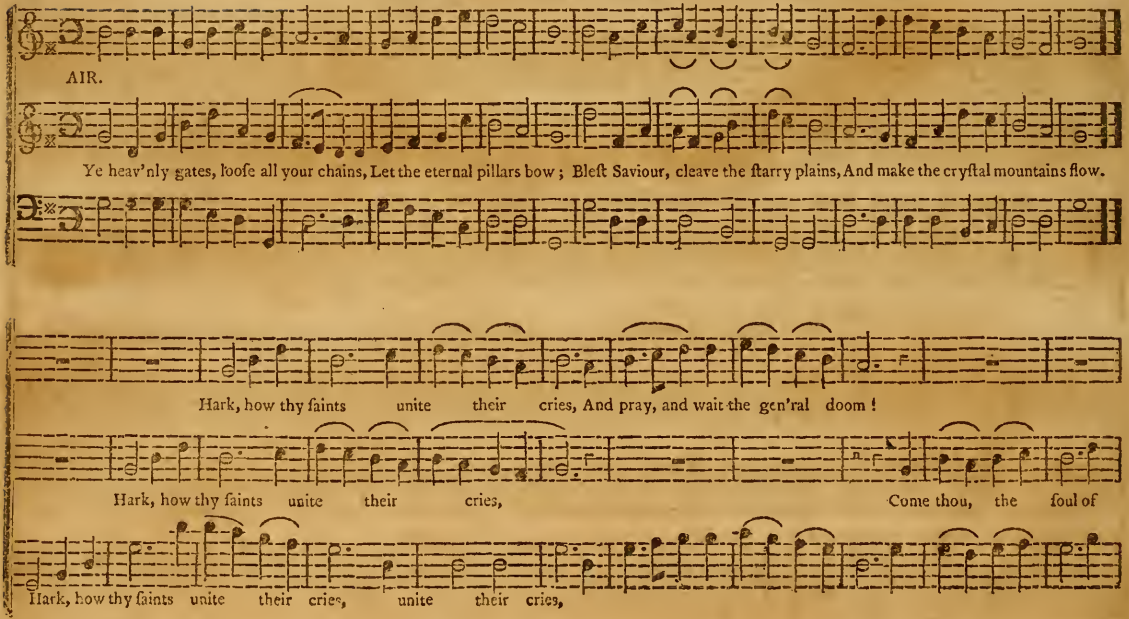
But ſhould the ſummons be transferr'd
From thoſe I love to me,
Think, O my ſoul, art thou prepar'd
Th' offended Judge to ſee?

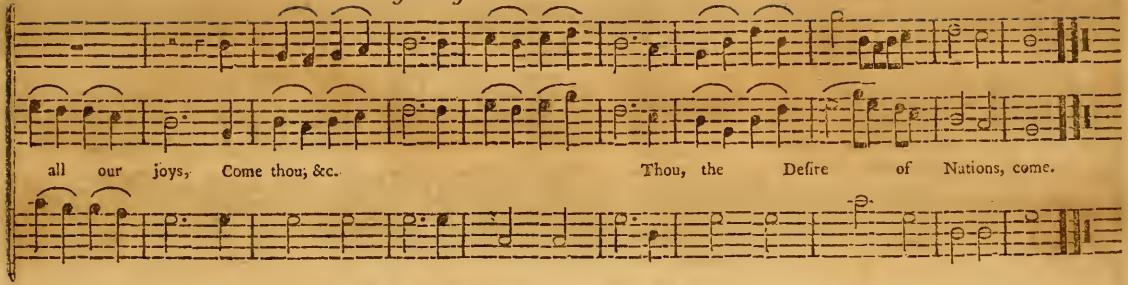
III.

O Saviour, take my flinty heart,
And ſteep it in thy blood;
Then, ſanctified in ev'ry part,
I ſhall aſcend to God.

Words by Milton, altered by the Rev. Mr. Gardner.

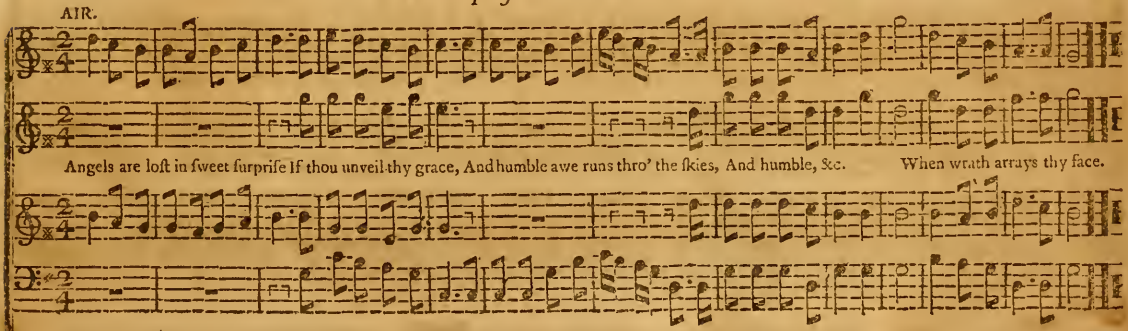

AIR. Mod.
Pia.
No war or battle's found Was heard the world around, No hoſtile chiefs to furious combat ran : But peaceful was the night In
Mez. Pia.
Cres.
which the Prince of light His reign of peace upon the earth began. His reign, &c.


AIR.
Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains, Let the eternal pillars bow; Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains, And make the crystal mountains flow.
Hark, how thy saints unite their cries, And pray, and wait the gen'ral doom!
Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
Come thou, the soul of
Hark, how thy saints unite their cries, unite their cries,

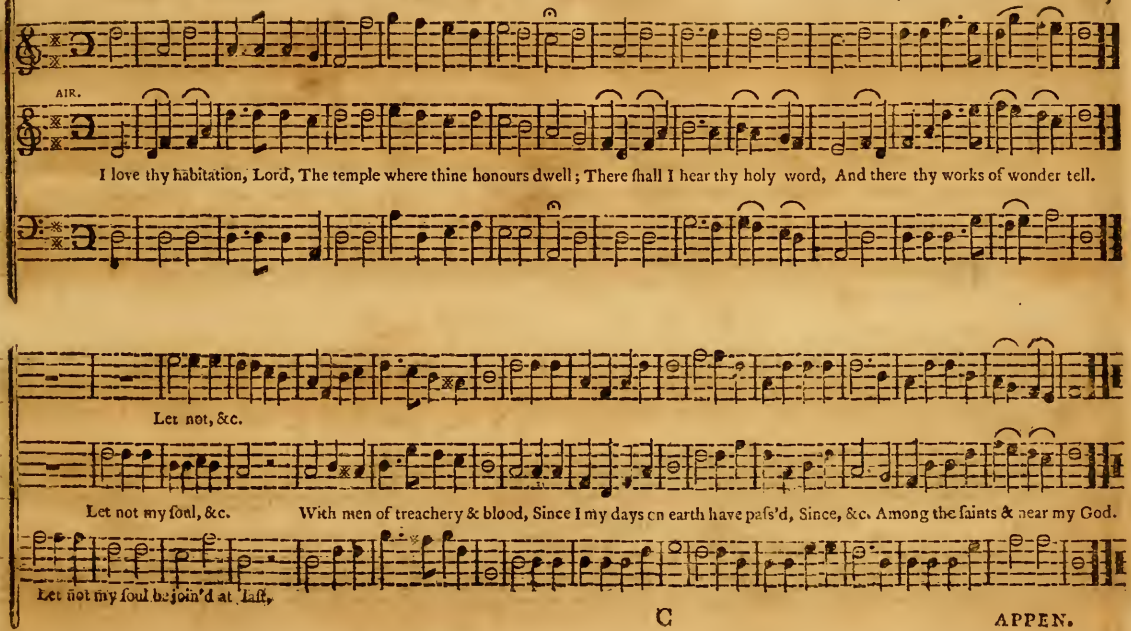


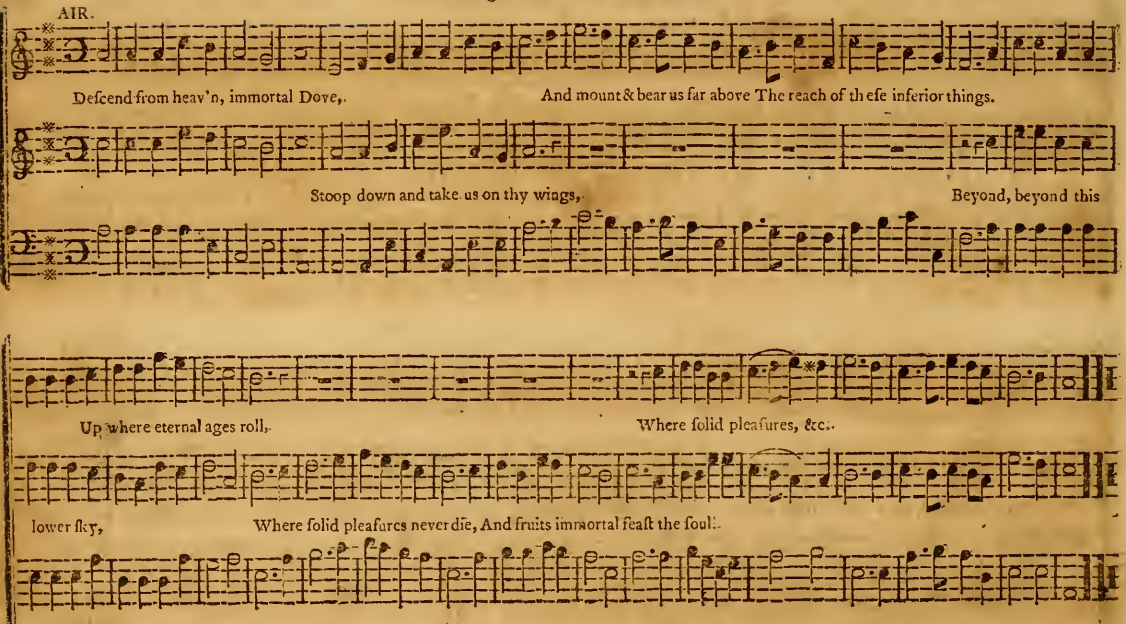
Sweet Surprise. C. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.


AIR.
Angels are lost in sweet surprise If thou unveil thy grace, And humble awe runs thro' the skies, And humble, &c.
When wrath arrays thy face.

AIR.
He ſpake, and heav'n's high arches rung, With ſhouts of loud applauſe;
He ſpake, &c.
He ſpake, &c.
He di'd, the friendly angels ſung, Nor ceas'd the rapt'rous joys.


AIR.
I love thy habitation, Lord, The temple where thine honours dwell; There ſhall I hear thy holy word, And there thy works of wonder tell.
Let not, &c.
Let not my ſoul, &c.
With men of treachery & blood, Since I my days on earth have paſs'd, Since, &c. Among the ſaints & near my God.
Let not my ſoul be join'd at laſt,

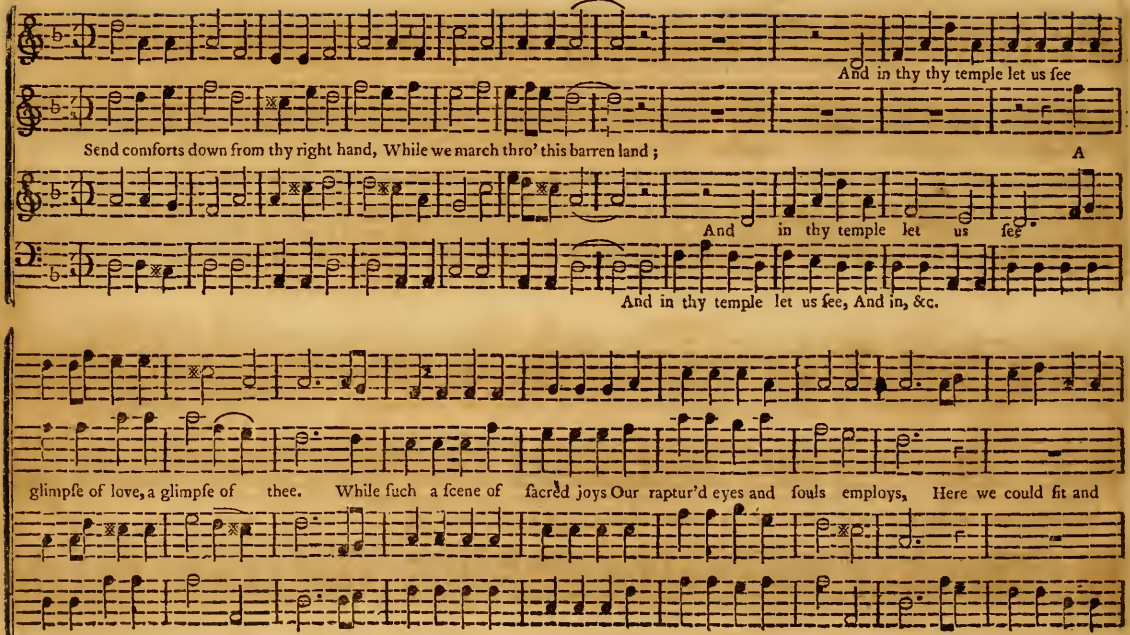

AIR.
Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove,
And mount & bear us far above The reach of these inferior things.
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
Beyond, beyond this
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures, &c.
lower sky,
Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul.

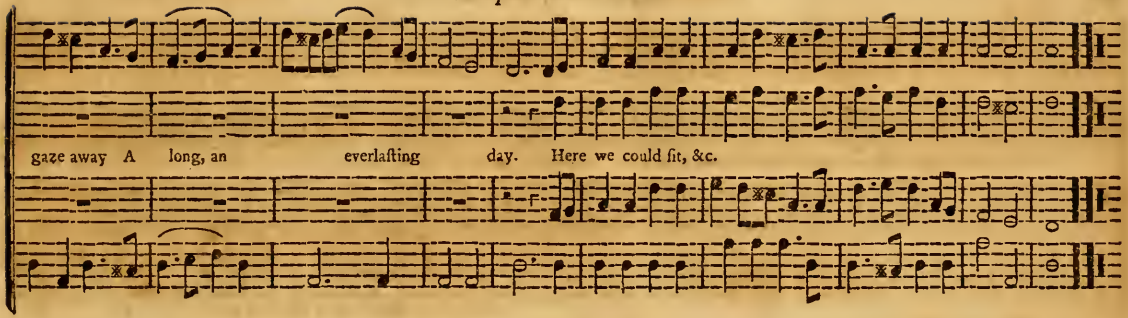
AIR.

Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unfeals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day. This day be grateful homage paid, And
loud hosannas sung, Let gladness dwell on ev'ry heart, And praise on ev'ry tongue. Let gladness, &c.

Temple. L. M.

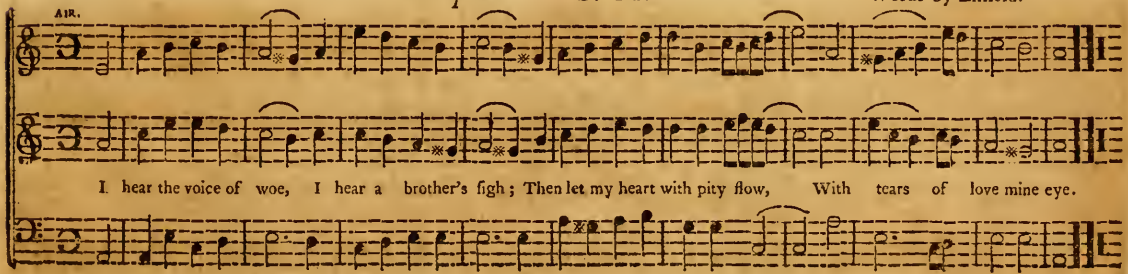
Words by Dr. Watts.

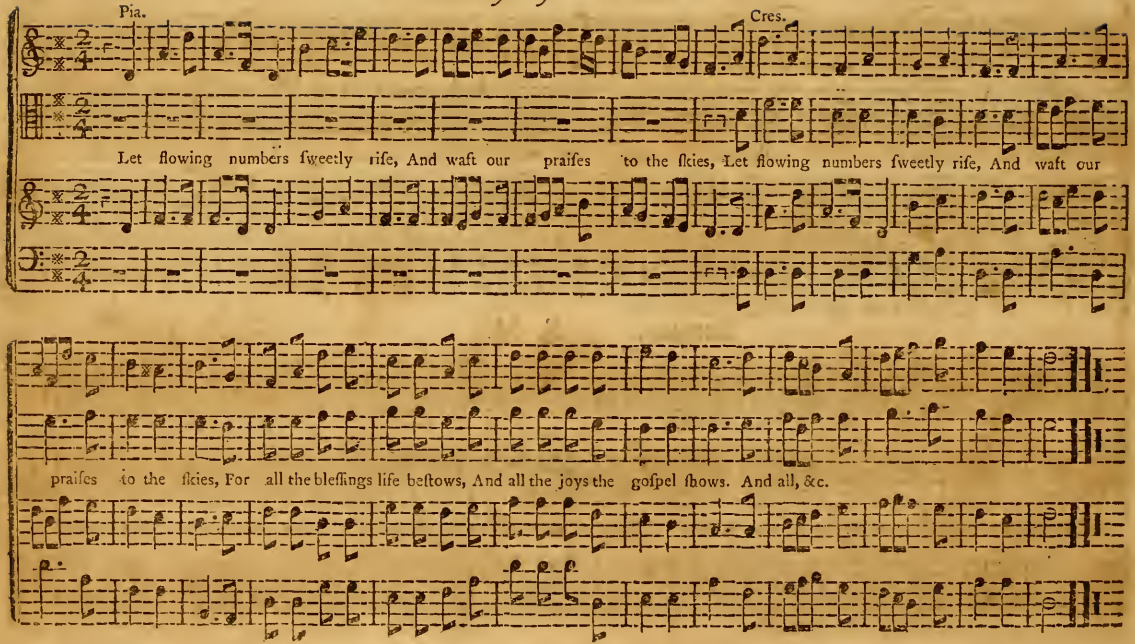

And in thy thy temple let us fee
Send comforts down from thy right hand, While we march thro' this barren land;
A
And in thy temple let us fee
And in thy temple let us fee, And in, &c.
glimpfe of love, a glimpfe of thee. While fuch a fcene of facred joys Our raptur'd eyes and fouls employs, Here we could fit and

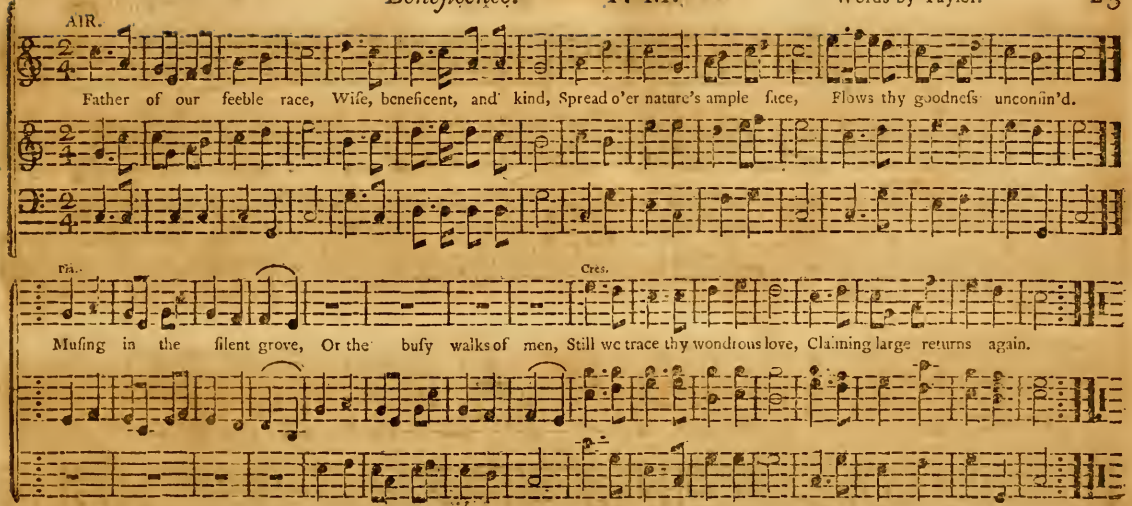


Sarepta. S. M.

Words by Enfield.




Pia.
Cres.
Let flowing numbers ſweetly riſe, And waft our praiſes to the ſkies, Let flowing numbers ſweetly riſe, And waft our
praiſes to the ſkies, For all the bleſſings life beſtows, And all the joys the goſpel ſhows. And all, &c.


AIR.
Father of our feeble race, Wife, beneficent, and kind, Spread o'er nature's ample face, Flows thy goodness unconfin'd.
Fin.
Cres.
Musing in the silent grove, Or the busy walks of men, Still we trace thy wondrous love, Claiming large returns again.

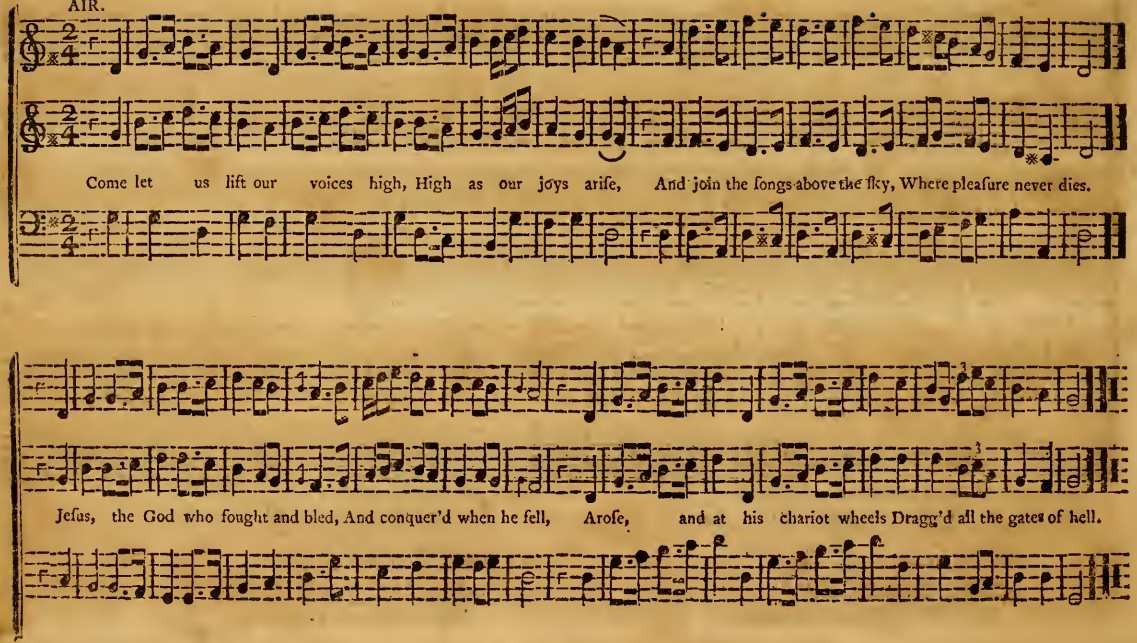
2 Lord, what off'ring shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor;
Love, embracing all mankind,
Charity, with lib'ral store.
Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

Claremont. C. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.

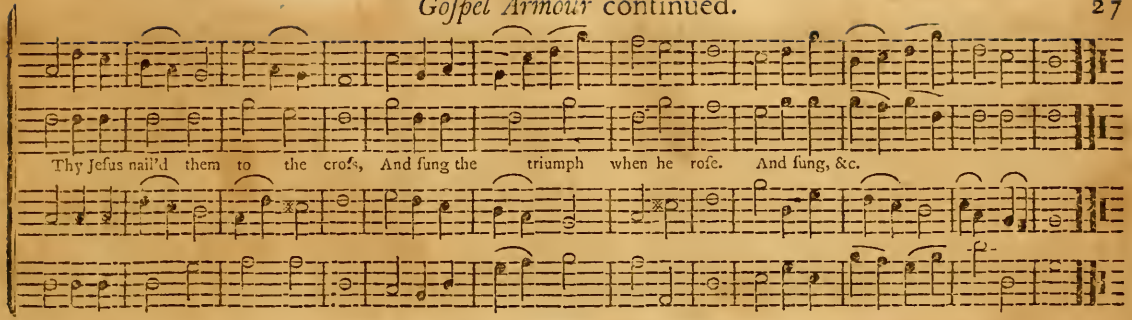
AIR.


Come let us lift our voices high, High as our joys arise, And join the songs above the sky, Where pleasure never dies.
Jesus, the God who fought and bled, And conquer'd when he fell, Arose, and at his chariot wheels Dragg'd all the gates of hell.

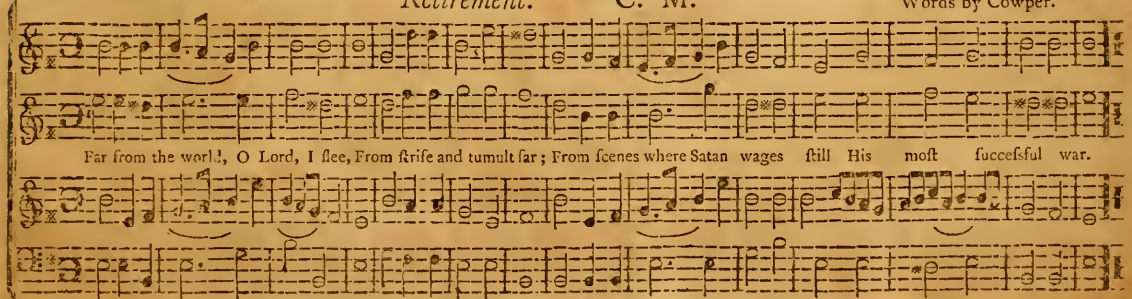
AIR.
But
Dear fountain of delight unknown, No longer sink beneath the brim, But overflow and
But overflow and pour me down,
overflow and pour me down
pour me down, But overflow and pour me down A living and life-giving Ream.

D APPEN.

Stand up, my foul, fhake off thy fears, And gird the gofpel armour on; March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone. Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe, But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;

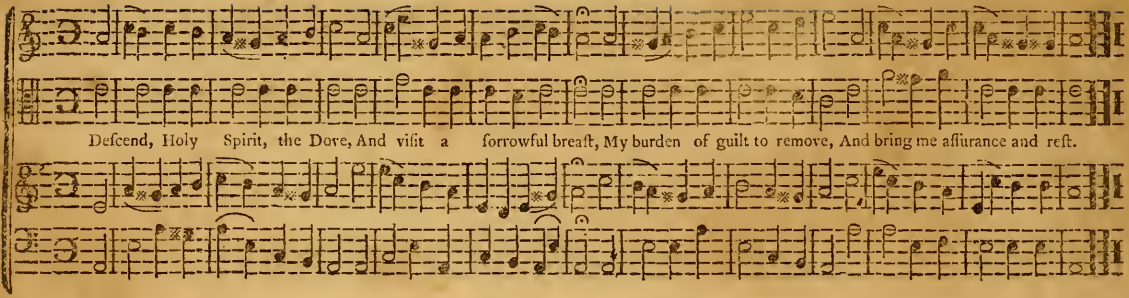


Retirement. C. M. Words by Cowper.



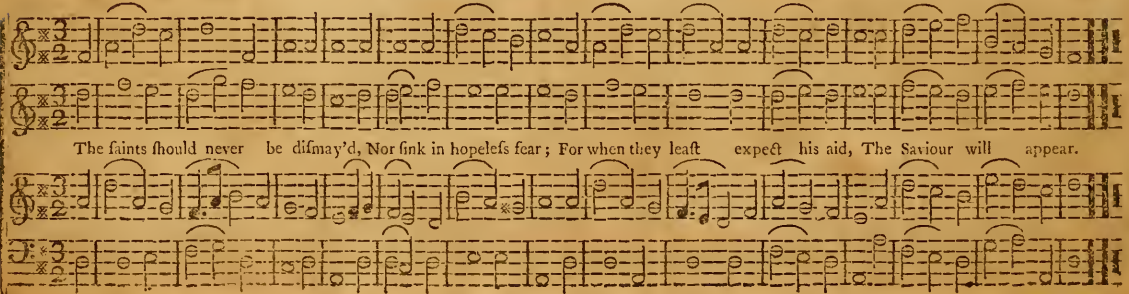
Reſt. P. M.

Words by Dr. Doddridge.



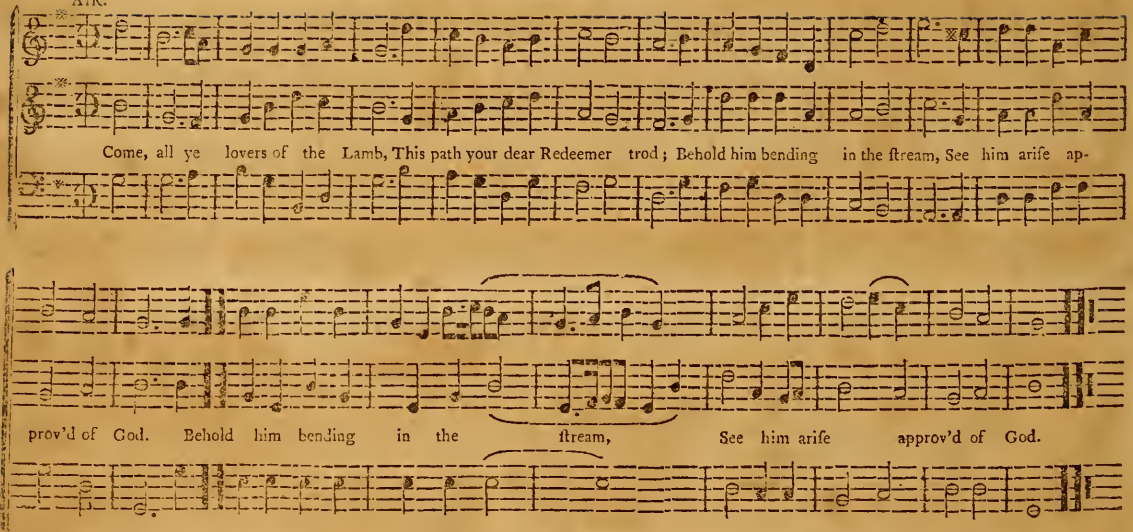
Winter-Street. C. M.

Words by Cowper.



When ſome kind ſhepherd from his fold Has loſt a ſtraying ſheep, Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And
climbs the mountain ſteep. Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs the mountain ſteep.

AIR.


Come, all ye lovers of the Lamb, This path your dear Redeemer trod; Behold him bending in the ſtream, See him ariſe ap-
prov'd of God. Behold him bending in the ſtream, See him ariſe approv'd of God.

2 Repenting ſinner, hither come,
Nor linger on the diſtant ſhore;
Your Saviour made this ſolemn rite
An emblem of his ſaving power.

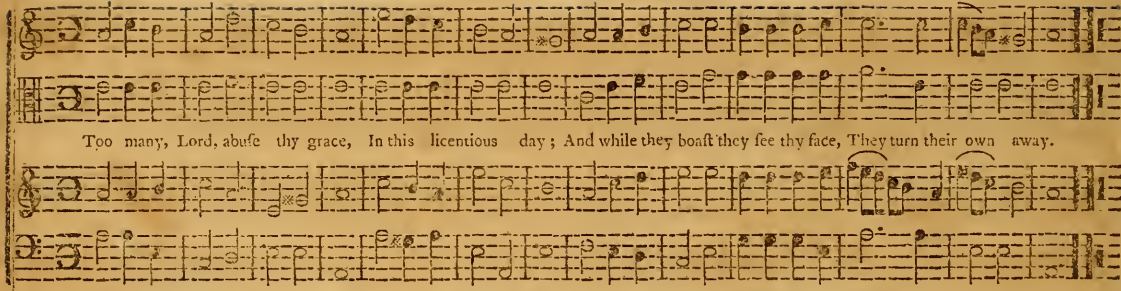
3 By faith alone the trembling ſoul
Can urge her claim to children's food;
She quits her hold on hopeleſs forms,
And ſeeks in Chriſt her only good.

4 Obedience flows from willing minds,
Renew'd and purify'd by grace;
Come freely to the goſpel pool,
All ye who humbly ſeek his face.

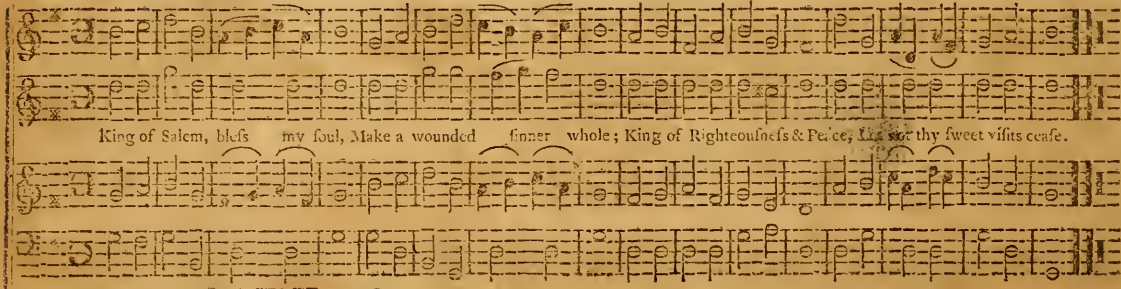
Lo, I am with you, ſaith the Lord, My church ſhall ſafe abide, For I will ne'er forſake my own, Whoſe ſouls in me confide.
Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life and death, His
And this ſhall be our children's ſong, And this, &c.
When we are laid in duſt. When we, &c.
promiſe is our truſt,

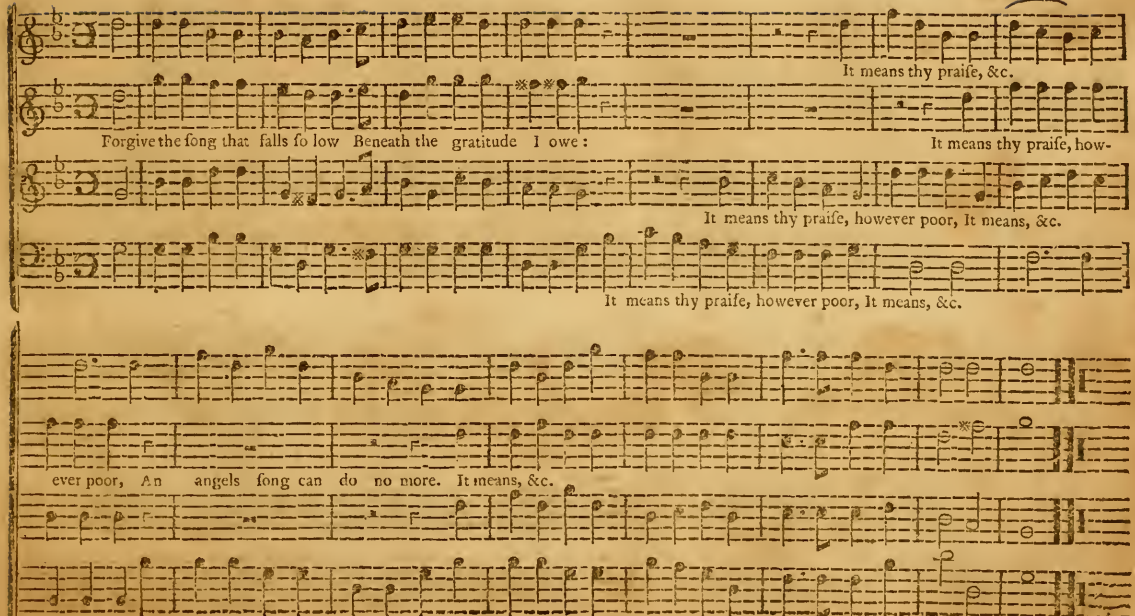
Dix-Hills. C. M.

Words by Cowper.



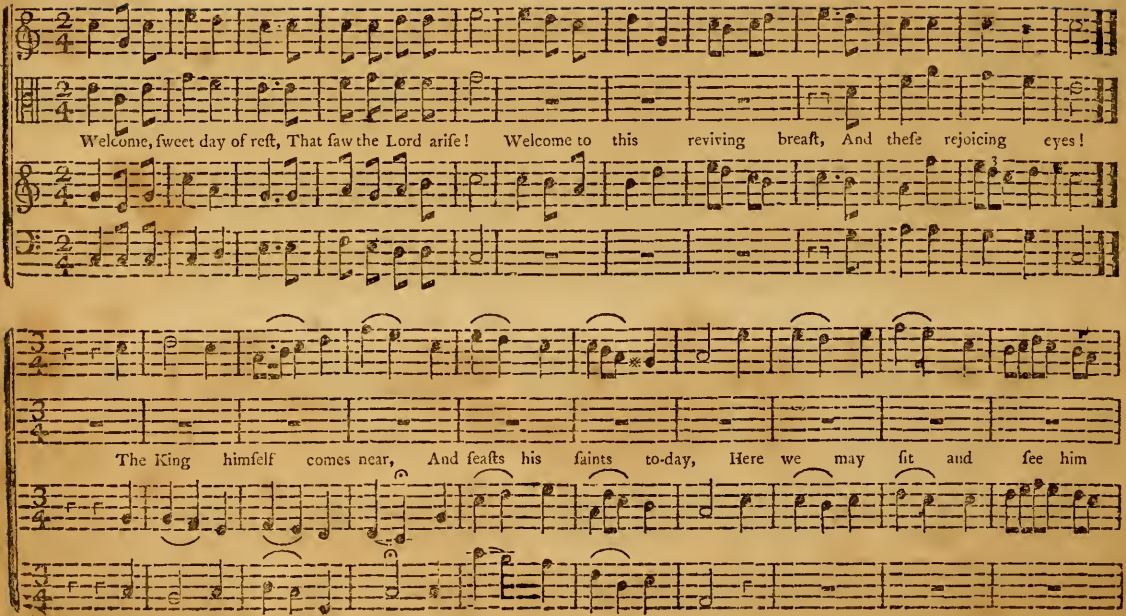
Salem. Sevens.

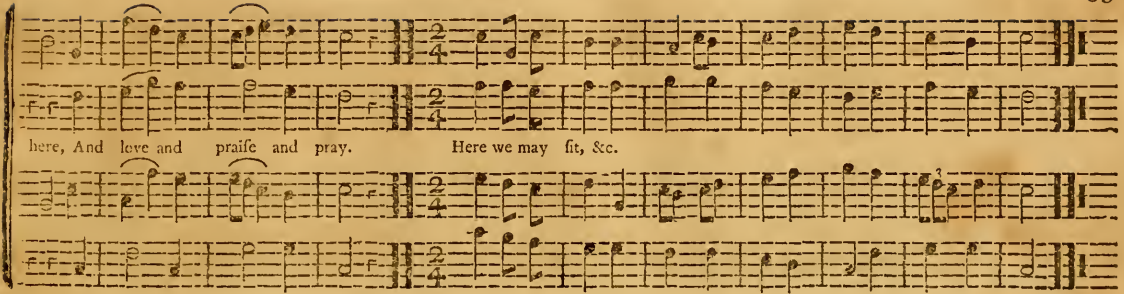



It means thy praiſe, &c.
Forgive the ſong that falls ſo low Beneath the gratitude I owe:
It means thy praiſe, how-
It means thy praiſe, however poor, It means, &c.
It means thy praiſe, however poor, It means, &c.
ever poor, An angels ſong can do no more. It means, &c.

Amiens. S. M.

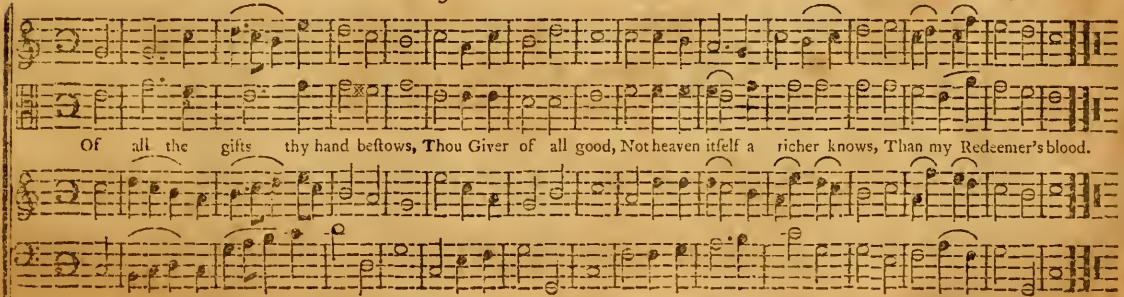
Words by Dr. Watts.

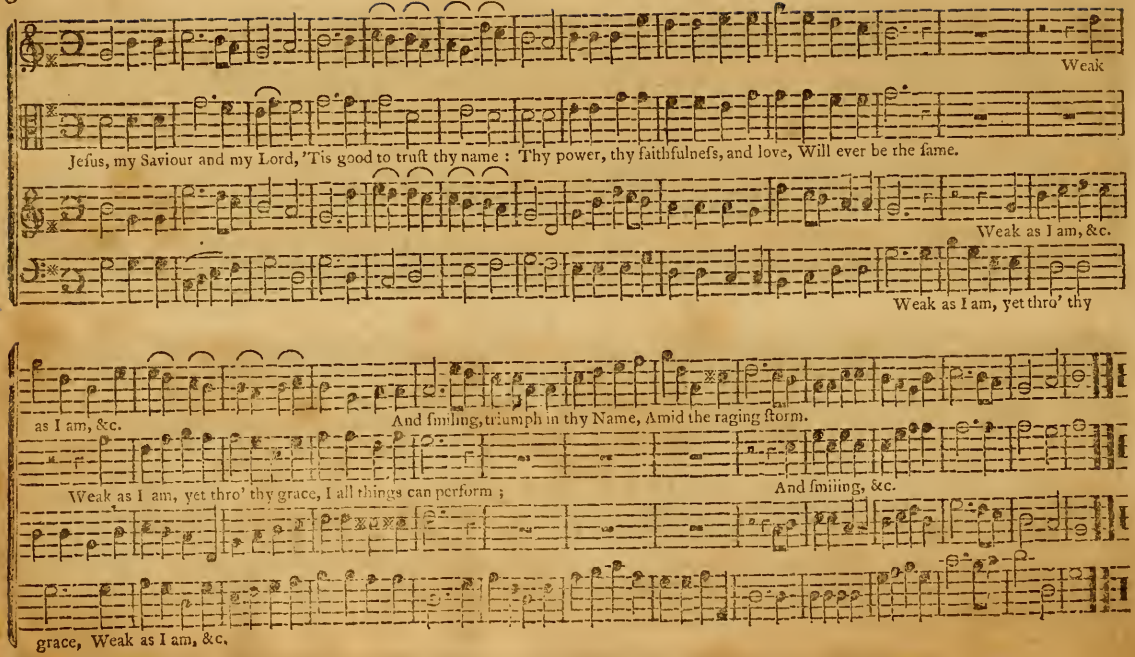

Welcome, fweet day of reft, That faw the Lord arife! Welcome to this reviving breaft, And thefe rejoicing eyes!
The King himfelf comes near, And feafts his faints to-day, Here we may fit and fee him

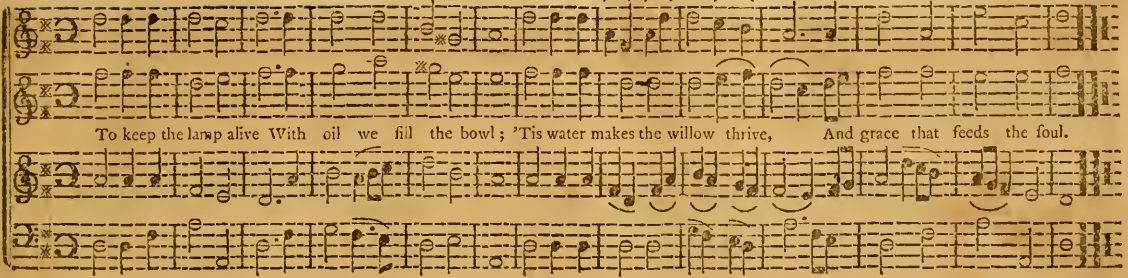


Gift. C. M.

Words by Cowper.

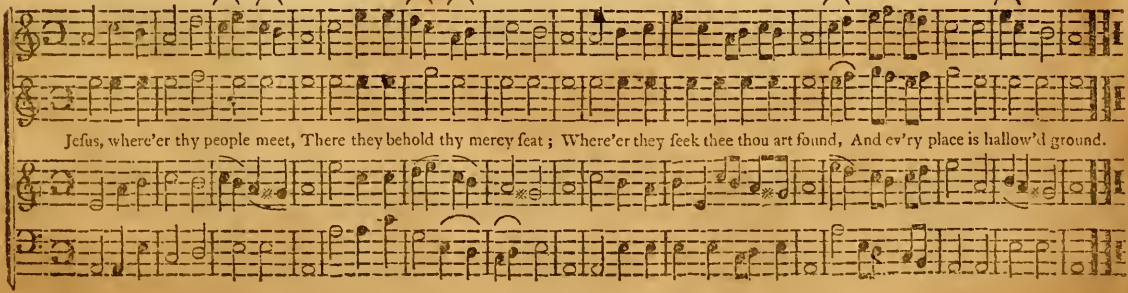



Weak
Jeſus, my Saviour and my Lord, 'Tis good to truſt thy name : Thy power, thy faithfulneſs, and love, Will ever be the ſame.
Weak as I am, &c.
Weak as I am, yet thro' thy
as I am, &c.
And ſmiling, triumph in thy Name, Amid the raging ſtorm.
Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace, I all things can perform ;
And ſmiling, &c.
grace, Weak as I am, &c.



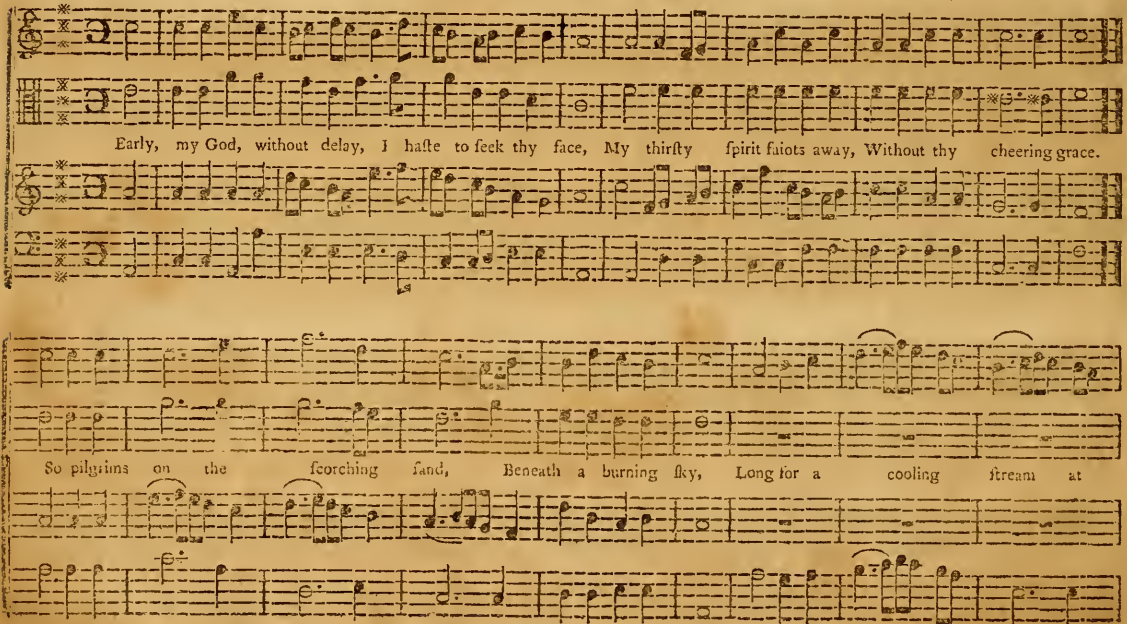
Mercy Seat. L. M.

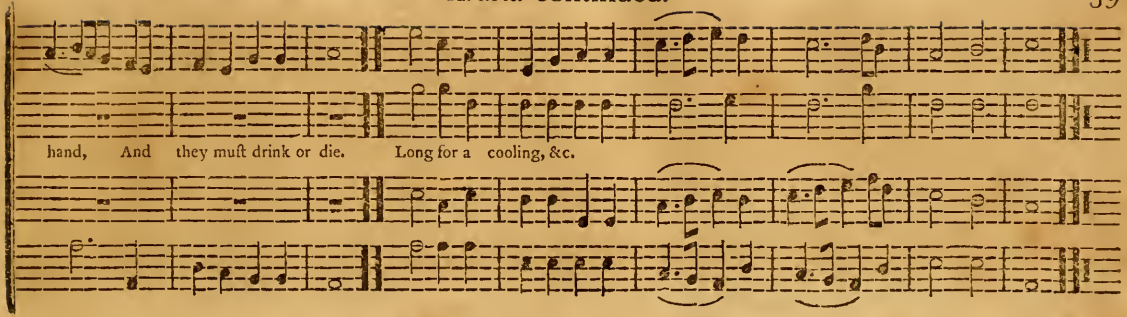
Words by Cowper.


Jefus, where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy feat; Where'er they feek thee thou art found, And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

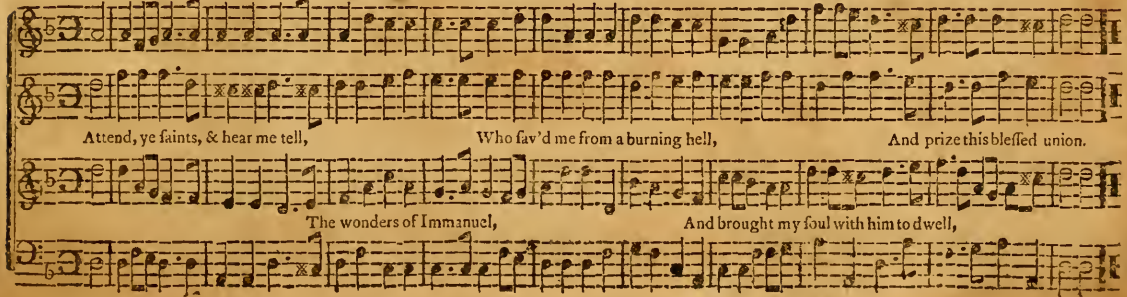
Arabia. C. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.


Early, my God, without delay, I haſte to ſeek thy face, My thirſty ſpirit faiots away, Without thy cheering grace.
So pilgrims on the ſcorching ſand, Beneath a burning ſky, Long for a cooling ſtream at

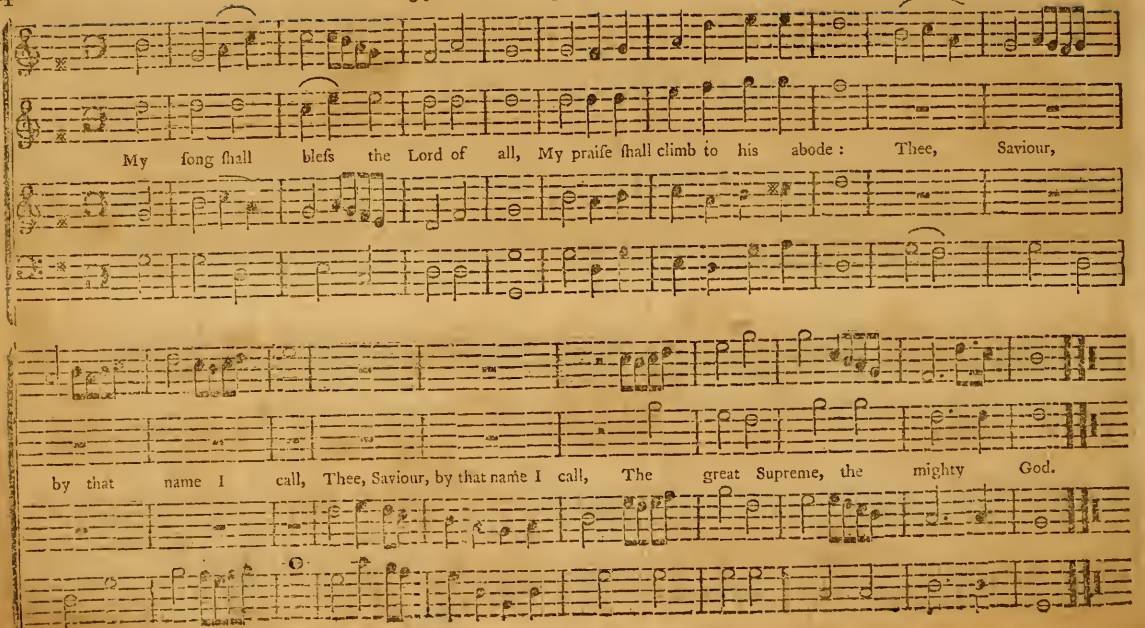

hand, And they muſt drink or die. Long for a cooling, &c.

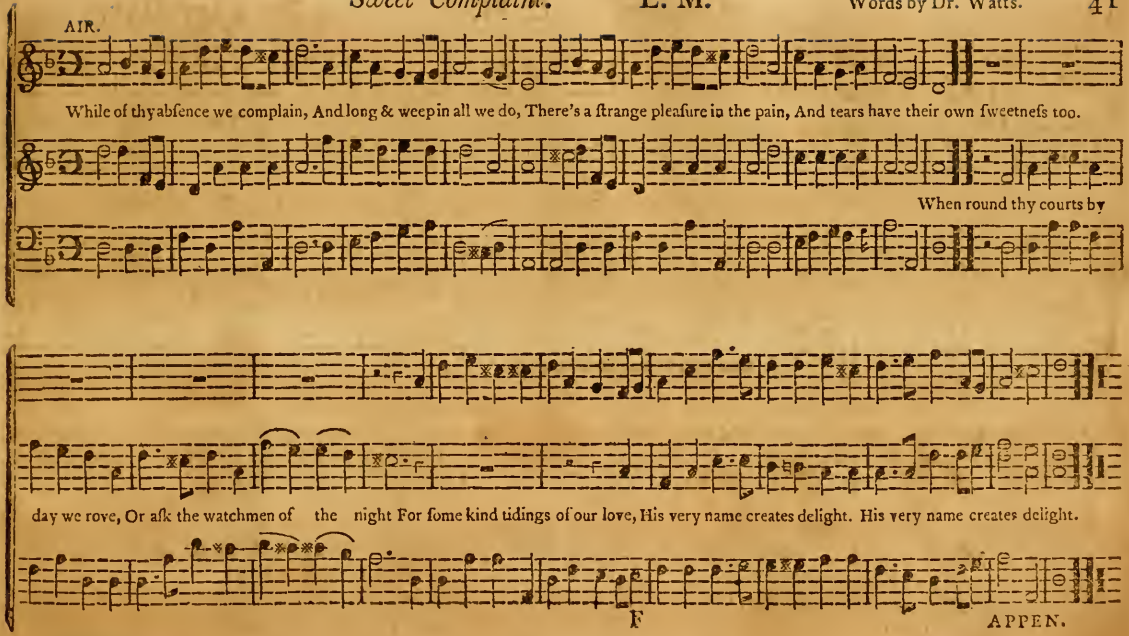
New-Union. P. M.

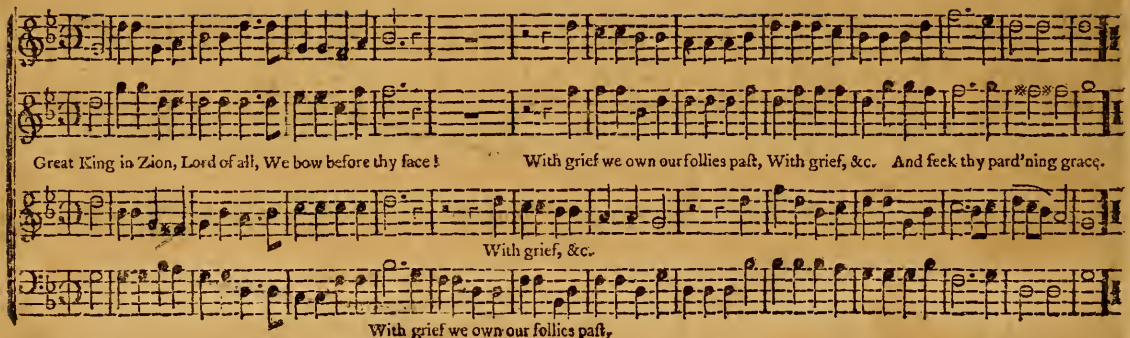

Attend, ye ſaints, & hear me tell, Who ſav'd me from a burning hell, And prize this bleſſed union.
The wonders of Immanuel, And brought my ſoul with him to dwell,

Aſpiring Praiſe. L. M.

Words by Cowper.


My ſong ſhall bleſs the Lord of all, My praiſe ſhall climb to his abode: Thee, Saviour,
by that name I call, Thee, Saviour, by that name I call, The great Supreme, the mighty God.


AIR.
While of thy abſence we complain, And long & weep in all we do, There's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain, And tears have their own ſweetneſs too.
When round thy courts by
day we rove, Or aſk the watchmen of the night For ſome kind tidings of our love, His very name creates delight. His very name creates delight.
F
APPEN.

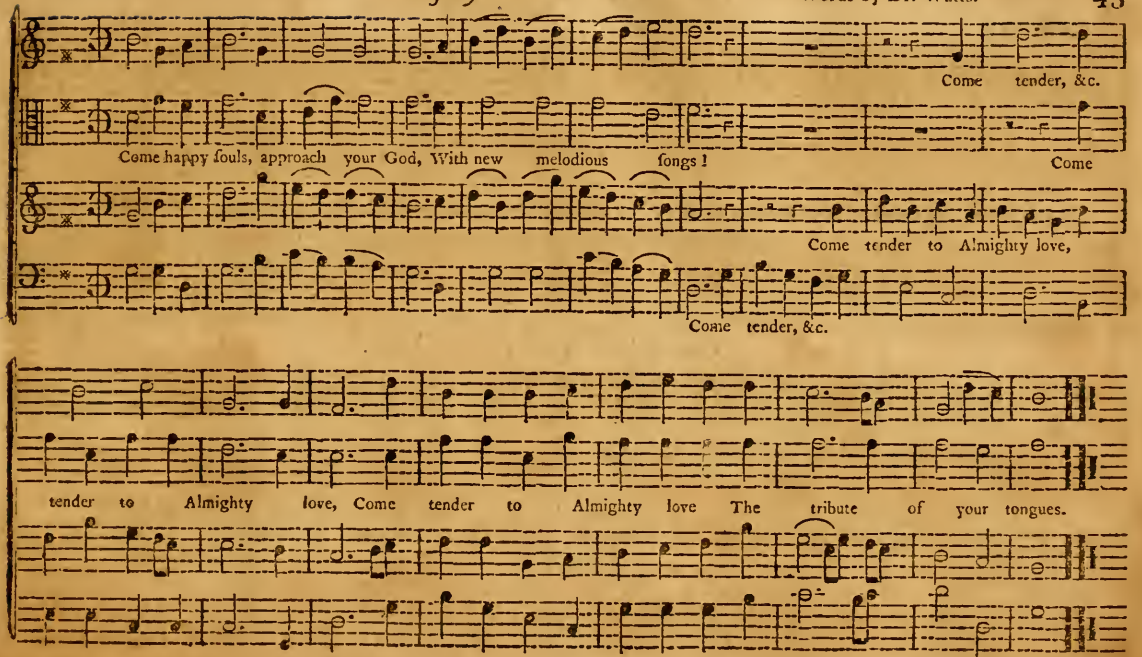

Great King in Zion, Lord of all, We bow before thy face!
With grief we own our follies paſt, With grief, &c. And ſeek thy pard'ning grace.
With grief, &c.
With grief we own our follies paſt,

2 While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,
May love divine inſpire our ſongs,
And fill our ſouls with light.

3 Near to thy ſeat would we approach,
And find acceptance there.
Jeſus, by thy own ſacrifice,
Preſent our ardent prayer.

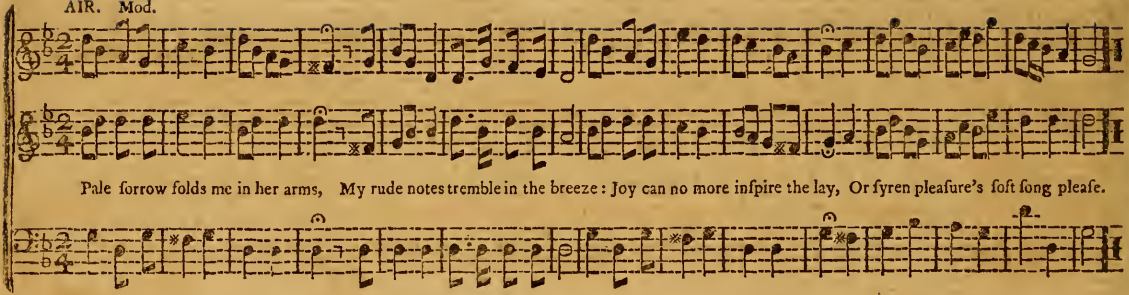
4 A grateful tribute, Lord, inſpire,
For all thy mercies paſt:
Let goodneſs crown each future day,
While months and years ſhall laſt.

5 Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly-favour'd land;
Be thou our never-failing friend,
And guide us by thy hand.

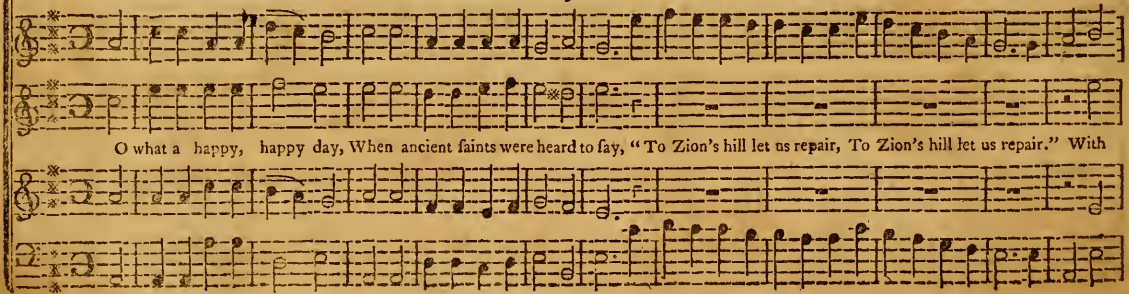

Come tender, &c.
Come happy ſouls, approach your God, With new melodious ſongs!
Come
Come tender to Almighty love,
Come tender, &c.
tender to Almighty love, Come tender to Almighty love The tribute of your tongues.

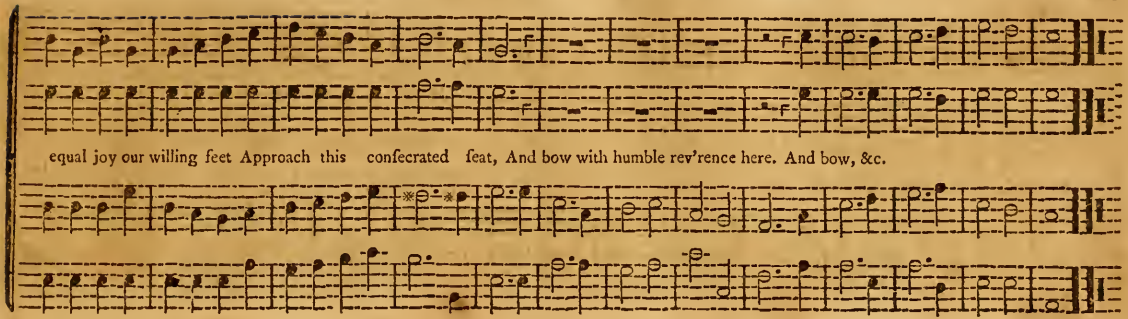
Seclusion. L. M.

AIR. Mod.


Pale sorrow folds me in her arms, My rude notes tremble in the breeze: Joy can no more inspire the lay, Or syren pleasure's soft song please.

Ordination Hymn. P. M.





2 Conven'd within this temple, Lord,
Thy glorious preſence now afford,
And fill each heart with ſacred love:
This ſolemn rite with favour crown,
And ſhed thy promis'd bleſſing down,
With heav'nly influence from above.

3 While now for Zion's peace we pray,
O let us hear our Saviour ſay—
"Thy prayers are heard, thy choice I own:"
Then ſhall thy mourning church ariſe,
And vie with all below the ſkies,
In grateful ſongs before thy throne.

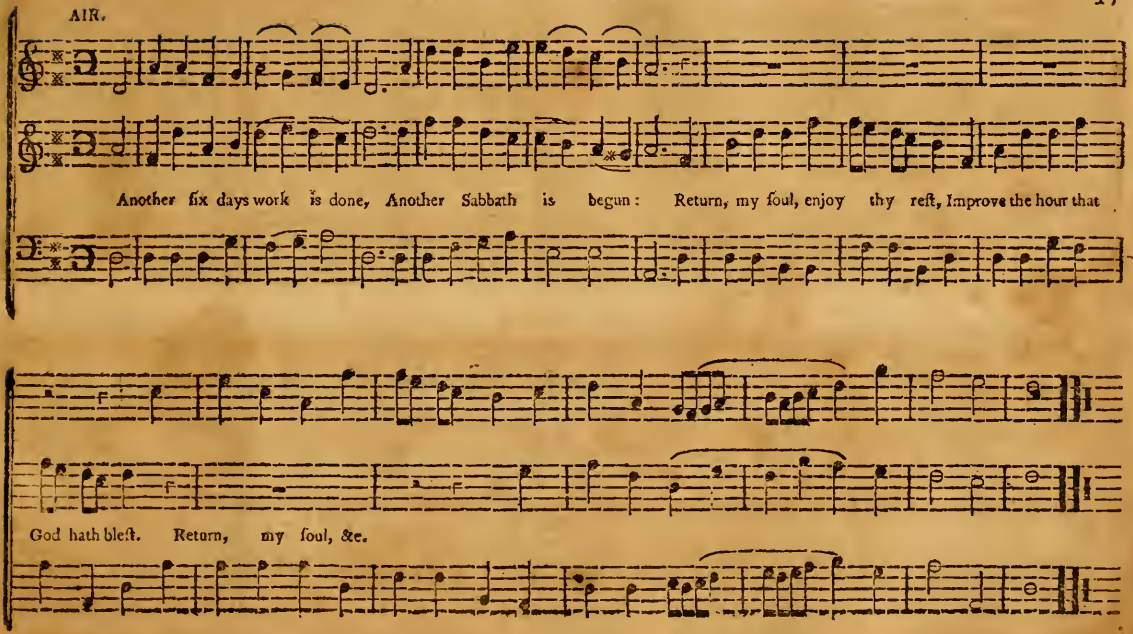
St. Alban's. L. M.

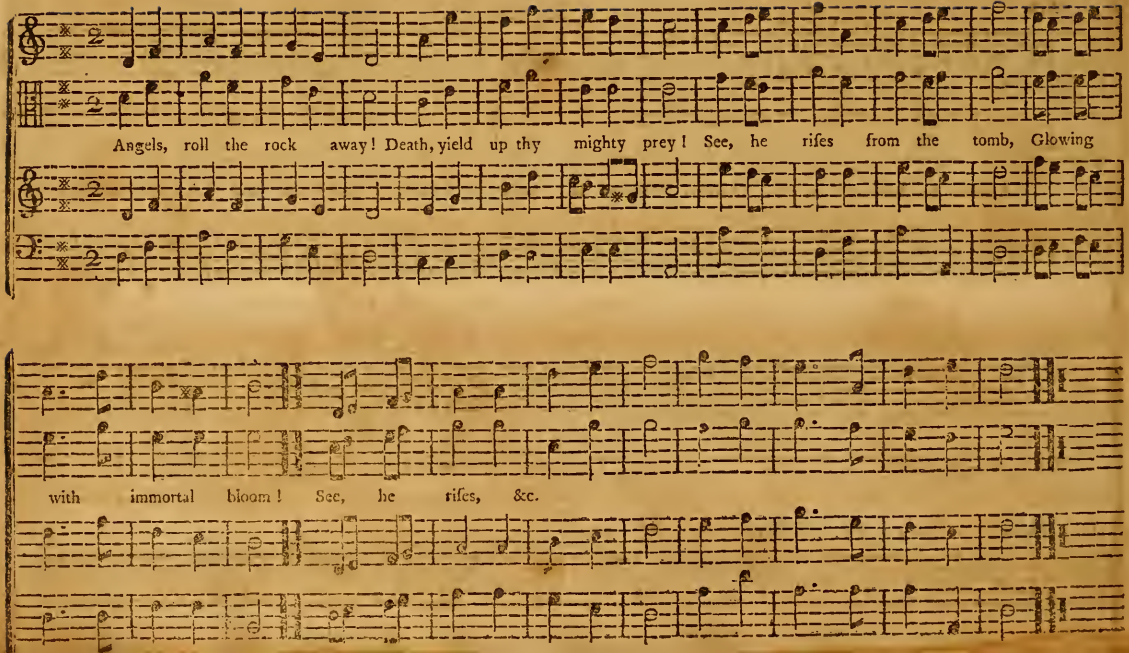
Words by Mrs. Steele.

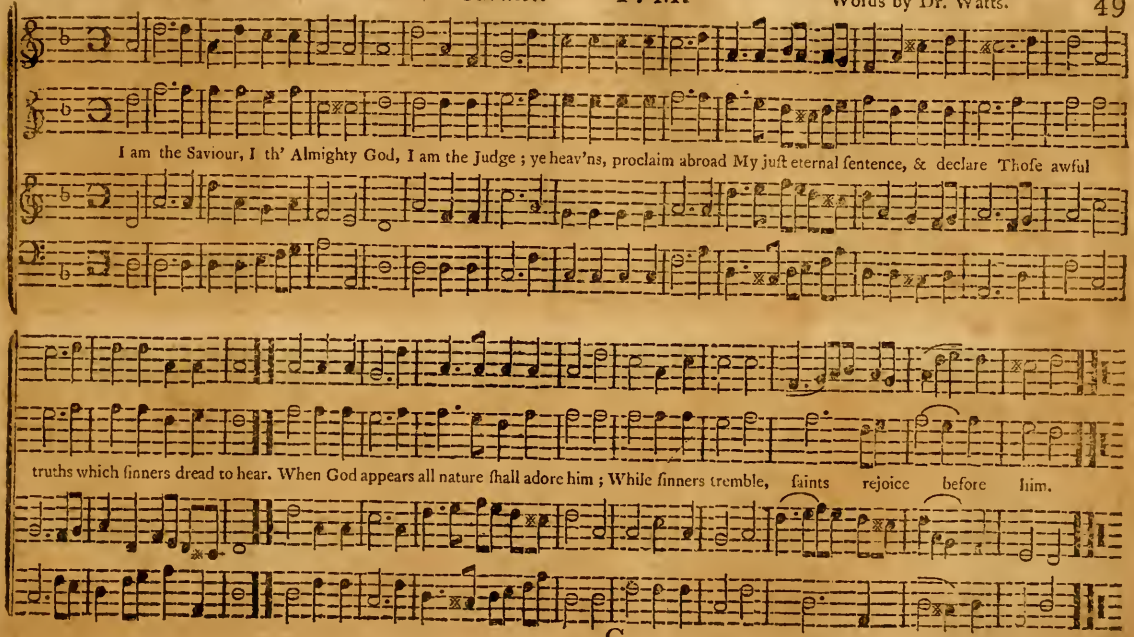
AIR.

My God, whene'er my longing heart Its grateful tribute would impart, In vain my tongue, with feeble aim, Attempts the glories of thy name. In
vain my boldeſt thoughts ariſe, I ſink to earth and loſe the ſkies: Yet may I ſtill thy grace implore, And low in duſt thy name adore.

AIR.


Another six days work is done, Another Sabbath is begun: Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the hour that
God hath bleſt. Return, my ſoul, &c.


Angels, roll the rock away! Death, yield up thy mighty prey! See, he rises from the tomb, Glowing
with immortal bloom! See, he rises, &c.


I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God, I am the Judge ; ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad My juſt eternal ſentence, & declare Thoſe awful
truths which ſinners dread to hear. When God appears all nature ſhall adore him ; While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.

Vernal Day. C. M.

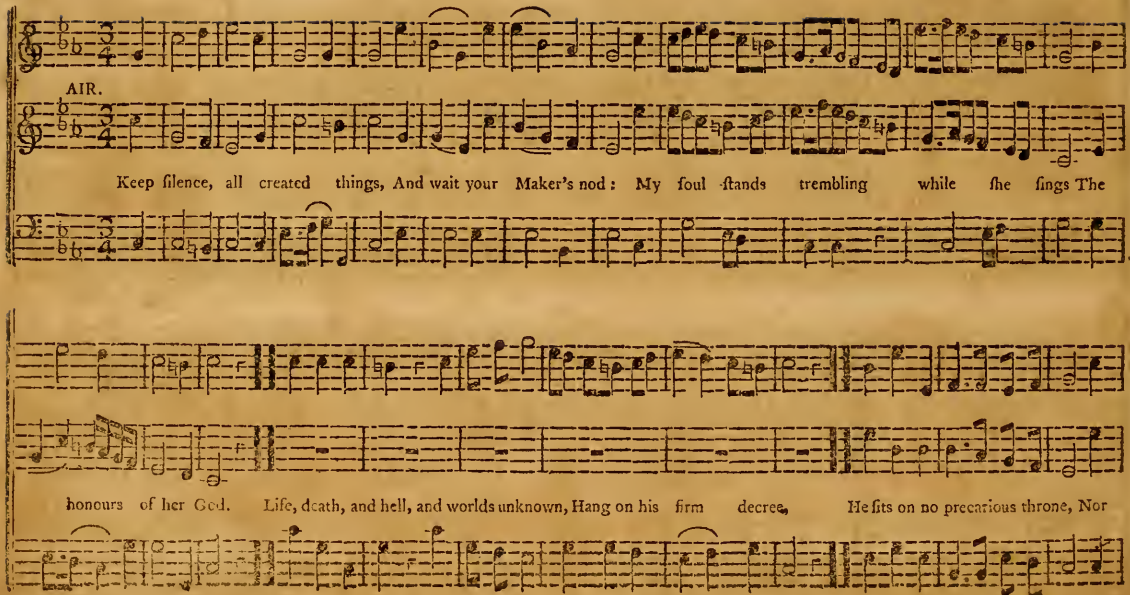
Words by Mrs. Steele.

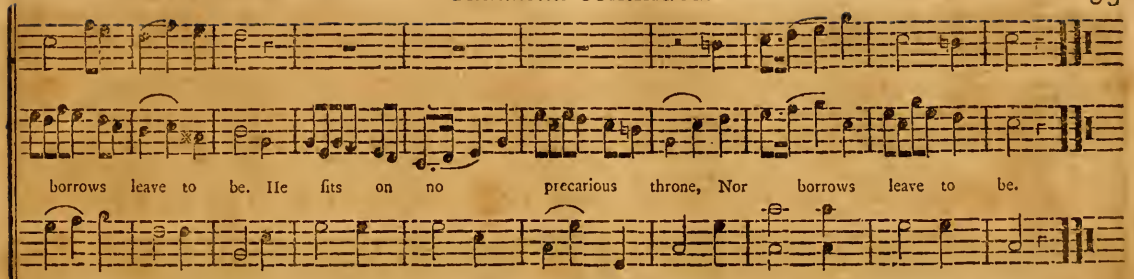
When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And bloſſoms deck the ſpray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How ſweet the vernal day!
Hark, how the feather'd warblers ſing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft muſic hails the lovely ſpring, And woods & fields rejoice. And woods, &c.

Light of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling Borders on the ſhades of death, Come, & thy dear ſelf revealing, Diſſipate the clouds beneath.
The new heav'n and earth's Creator, In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe, Scatt'ring all the night of nature, Pouring day upon our eyes.

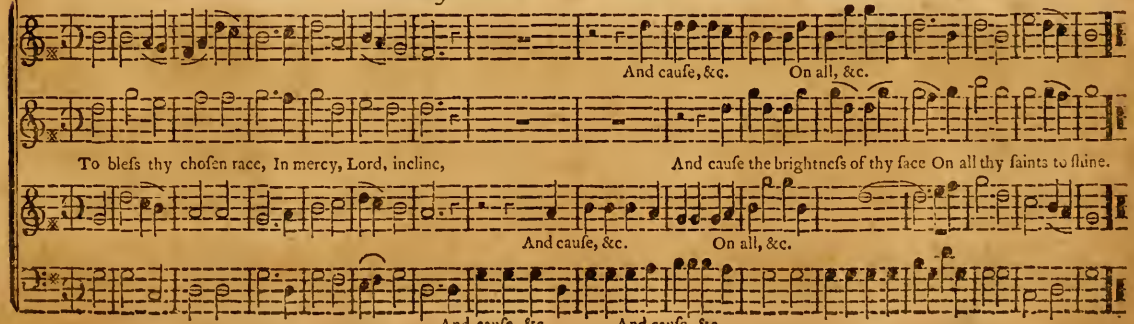
Richmond. L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.


AIR.
Keep ſilence, all created things, And wait your Maker's nod: My ſoul ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings The
honours of her God. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, Hang on his firm decree, He ſits on no precarious throne, Nor

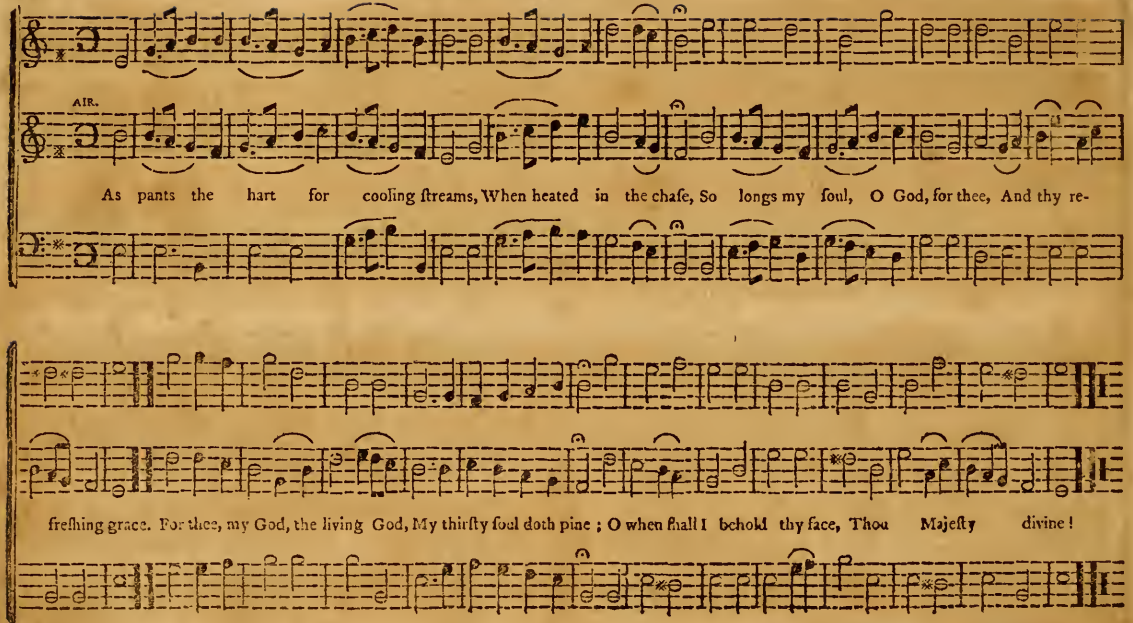


Choſen Race. S. M. Words by Tate.


And cauſe, &c. On all, &c.
To bleſs thy choſen race, In mercy, Lord, incline, And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face On all thy ſaints to ſhine.
And cauſe, &c. On all, &c.
And cauſe, &c. And cauſe, &c.

Luneville. C. M.

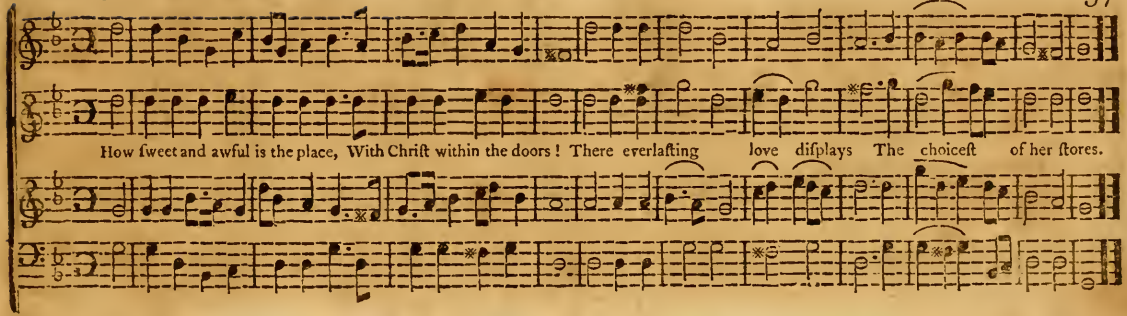
Words by Tate.


AIR.
As pants the hart for cooling ſtreams, When heated in the chaſe, So longs my ſoul, O God, for thee, And thy re-
freſhing grace. For thee, my God, the living God, My thirſty ſoul doth pine ; O when ſhall I behold thy face, Thou Majeſty divine !

Lord, when my raptur'd tho'ts ſurvey Creation's beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praiſe, All nature, &c. And bid my ſoul a-
All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
dore. Where'er I turn my gazing eyes, Thy radiant footſteps ſhine; Ten thouſand, &c.
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe, And ſpeak thy hand divine.

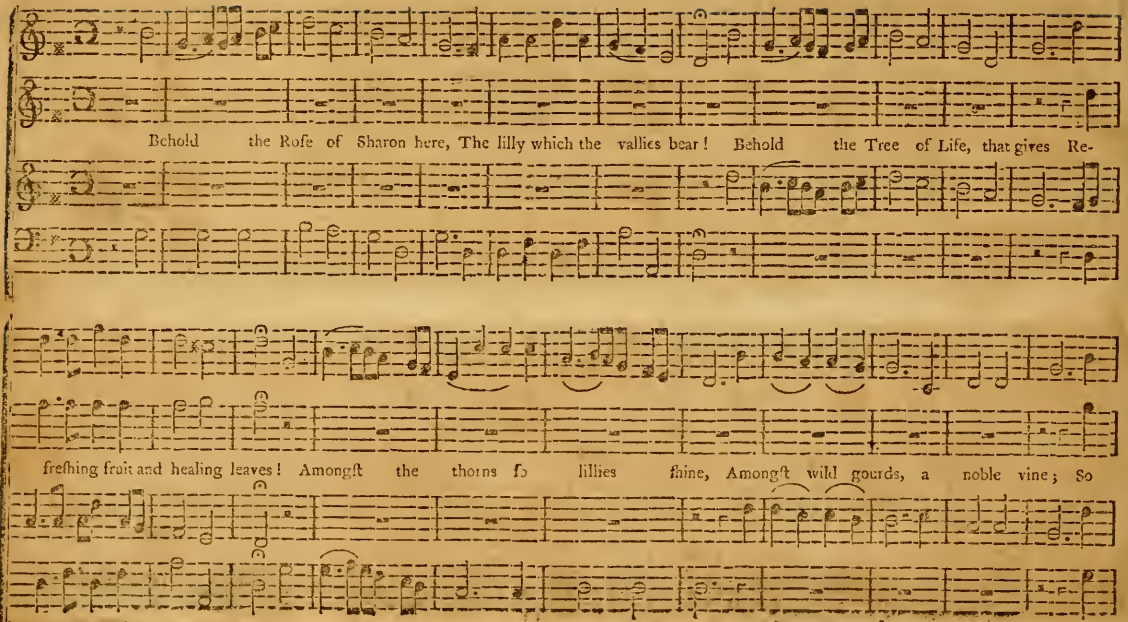
Words by Dr. Doddridge.

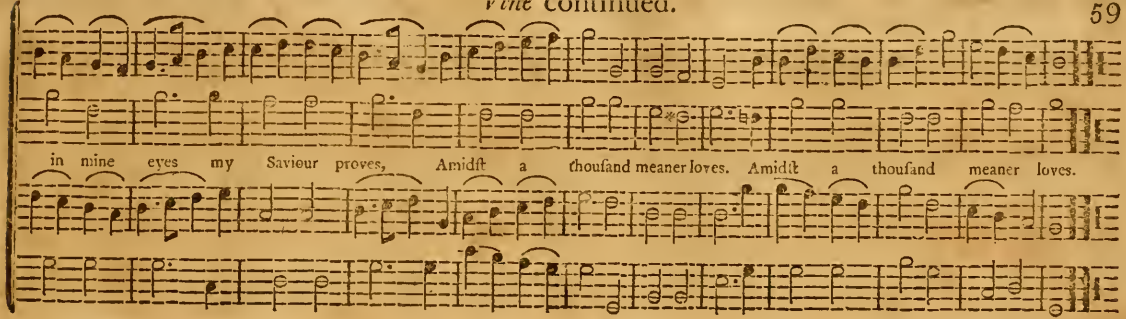
Great Father of mankind, We bleſs that wondrous grace That could for Gentiles find Within thy courts a place.
How, &c.
How kind the care Our
How kind the care Our God diſplays,
How kind the care Our God diſplays, For us to raiſe A houſe of prayer.
God diſplays,


How ſweet and awful is the place, With Chriſt within the doors! There everlaſting love diſplays The choiceſt of her ſtores.
Whilſt all our hearts and all our ſongs Join to admire the feaſt, Each of us ſay, with thankful tongues, Lord, why was I a gueſt.

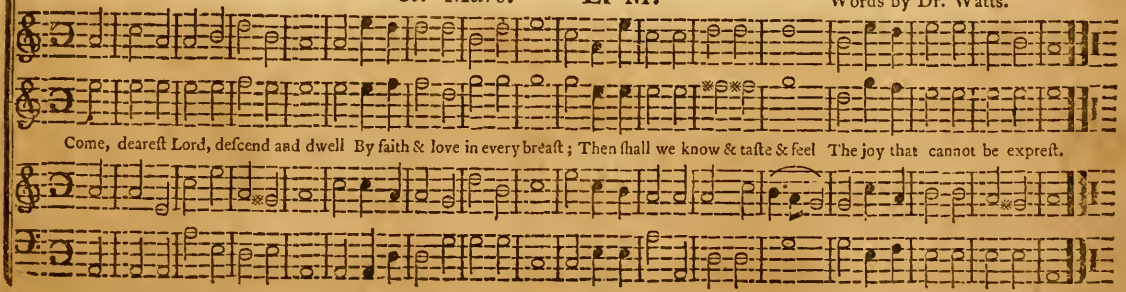
Vine. L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.


Behold the Rofe of Sharon here, The lilly which the vallies bear! Behold the Tree of Life, that gives Re-
freſhing fruit and healing leaves! Amongſt the thorns ſo lillies ſhine, Amongſt wild gourds, a noble vine; So
God ...plays;



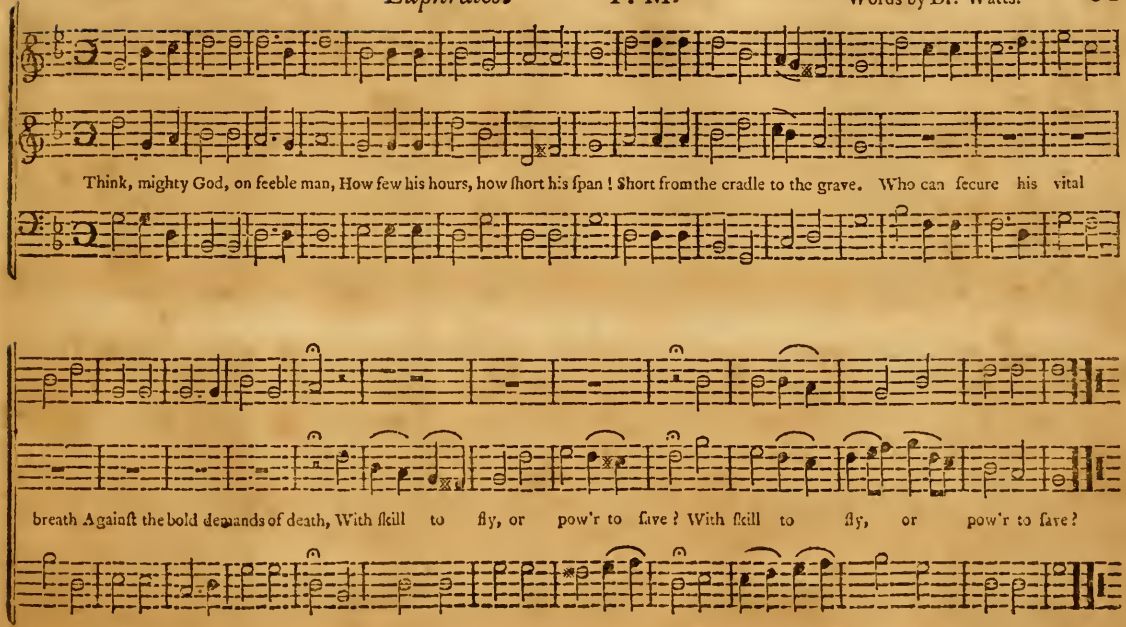
St. Marc. L. M. Words by Dr. Watts.


Come, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell By faith & love in every breaſt; Then ſhall we know & taſte & feel The joy that cannot be expreſt.

Bourbon. L. M.

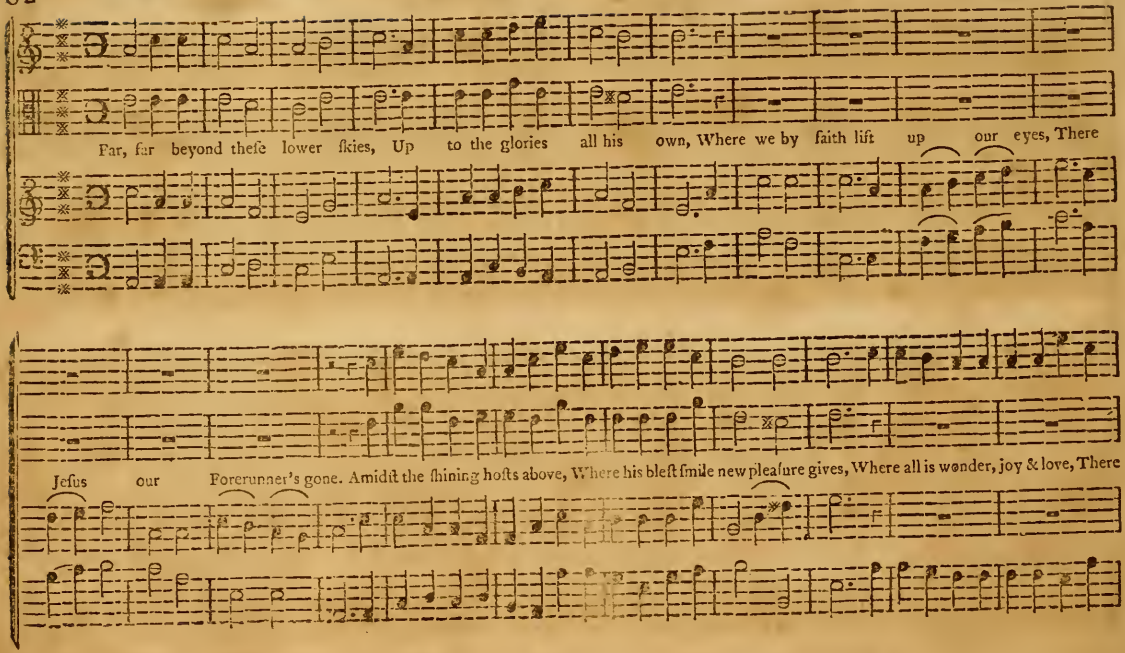
Words by Dr. Watts.

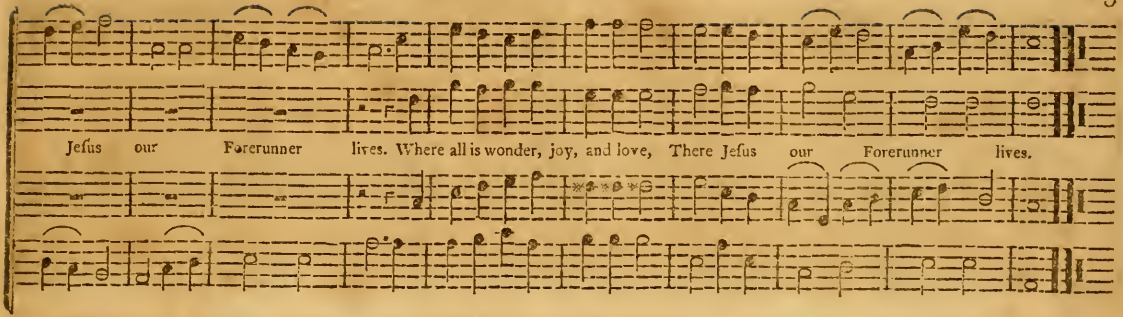
AIR.
How oft have ſin and Satan ſtrove To rend my ſoul from thee, my God ? But everlaſting is thy love, And Jeſus
Amidſt temptations ſharp & long, Hope is my anchor firm & ſtrong,
ſeals it with his blood. My ſoul to this dear refuge flies ; While tempeſts blow & billows riſe.


Think, mighty God, on feeble man, How few his hours, how ſhort his ſpan ! Short from the cradle to the grave. Who can ſecure his vital
breath Againſt the bold demands of death, With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave ? With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave ?

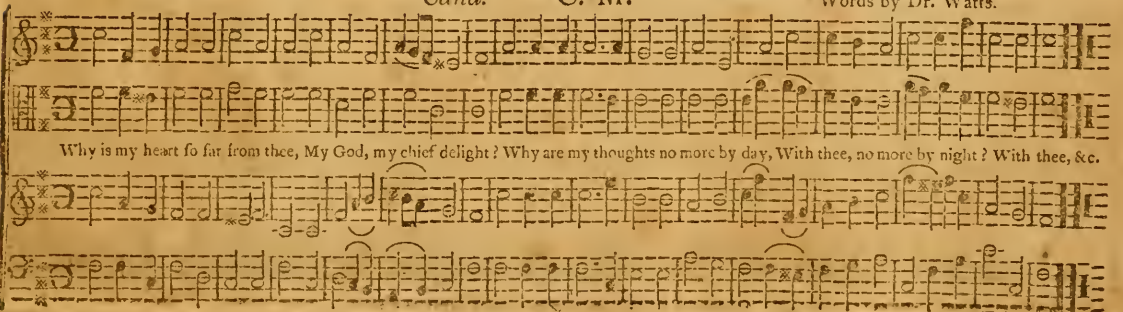
Forerunner. L. M.

Words by Medley.

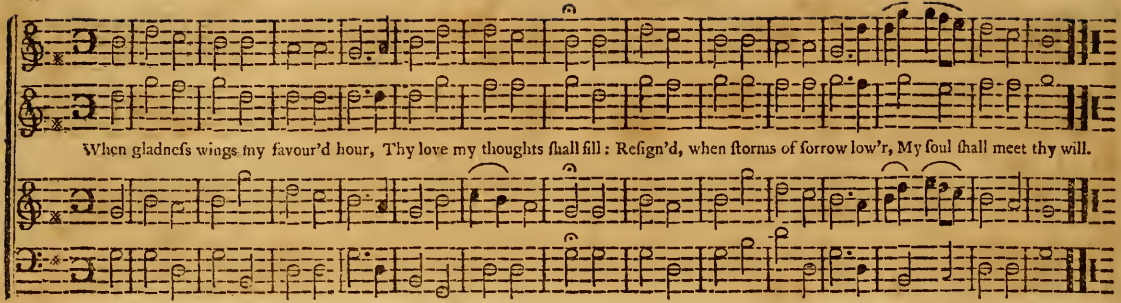

Far, far beyond theſe lower ſkies, Up to the glories all his own, Where we by faith lift up our eyes, There
Jeſus our Forerunner's gone. Amidſt the ſhining hoſts above, Where his bleſt ſmile new pleaſure gives, Where all is wonder, joy & love, There



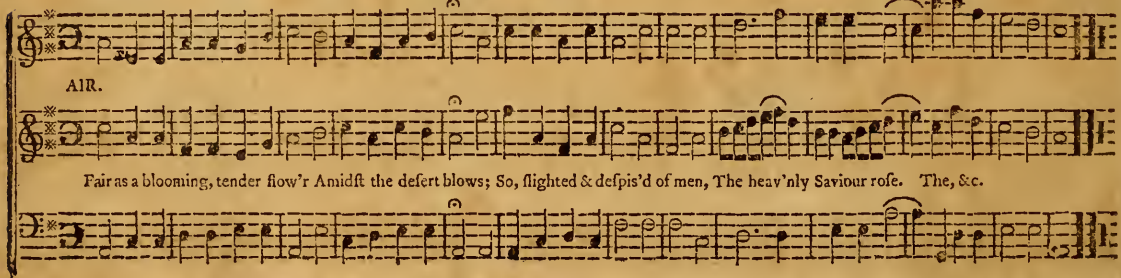
Cana. C. M. Words by Dr. Watts.

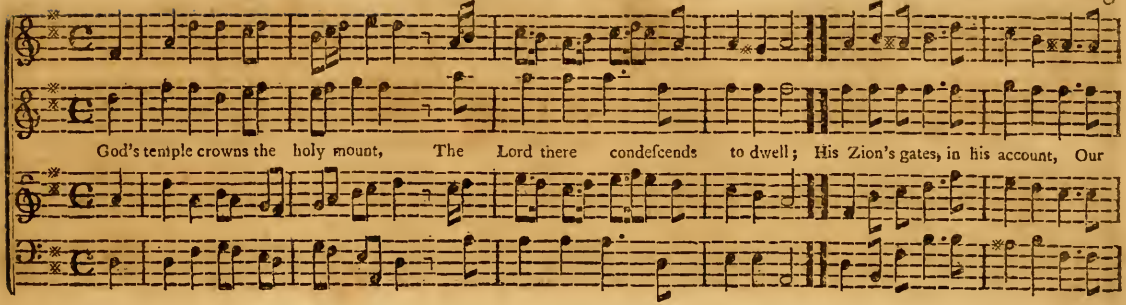

Why is my heart so far from thee, My God, my chief delight? Why are my thoughts no more by day, With thee, no more by night? With thee, &c.

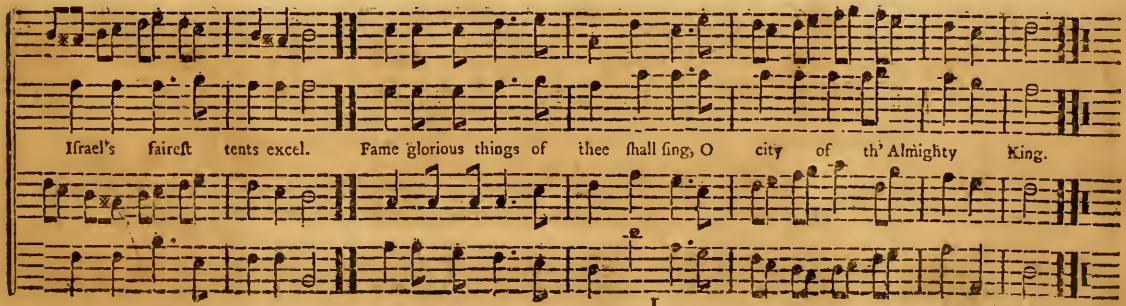
Danville. C. M.


When gladneſs wings my favour'd hour, Thy love my thoughts ſhall fill: Reſign'd, when ſtorms of ſorrow low'r, My ſoul ſhall meet thy will.

Shiloh. C. M.

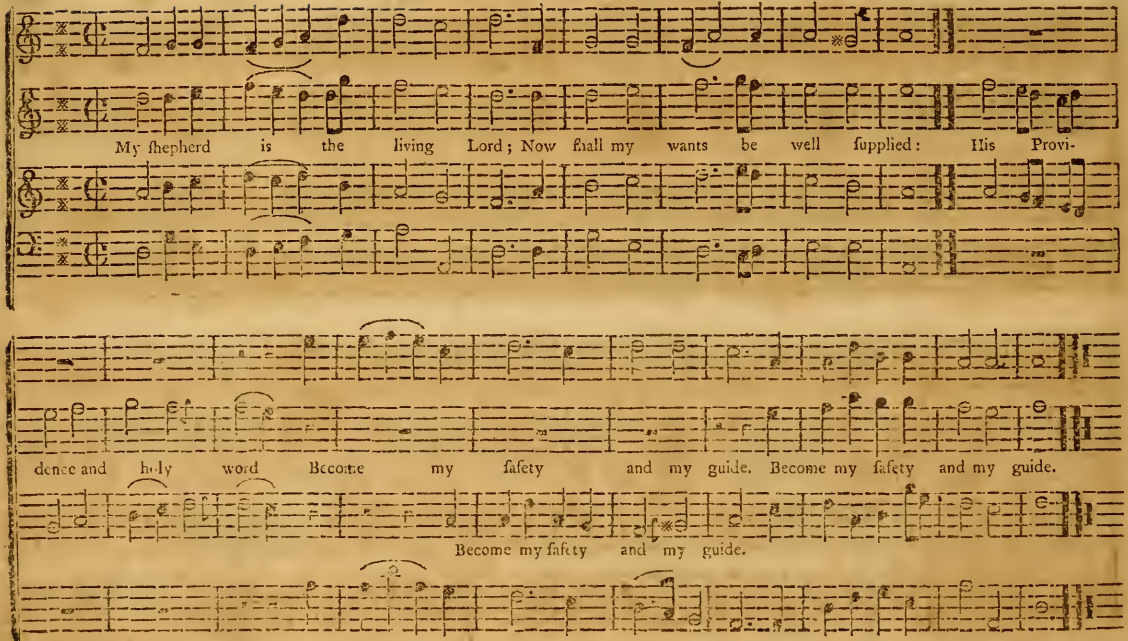



God's temple crowns the holy mount, The Lord there condescends to dwell; His Zion's gates, in his account, Our

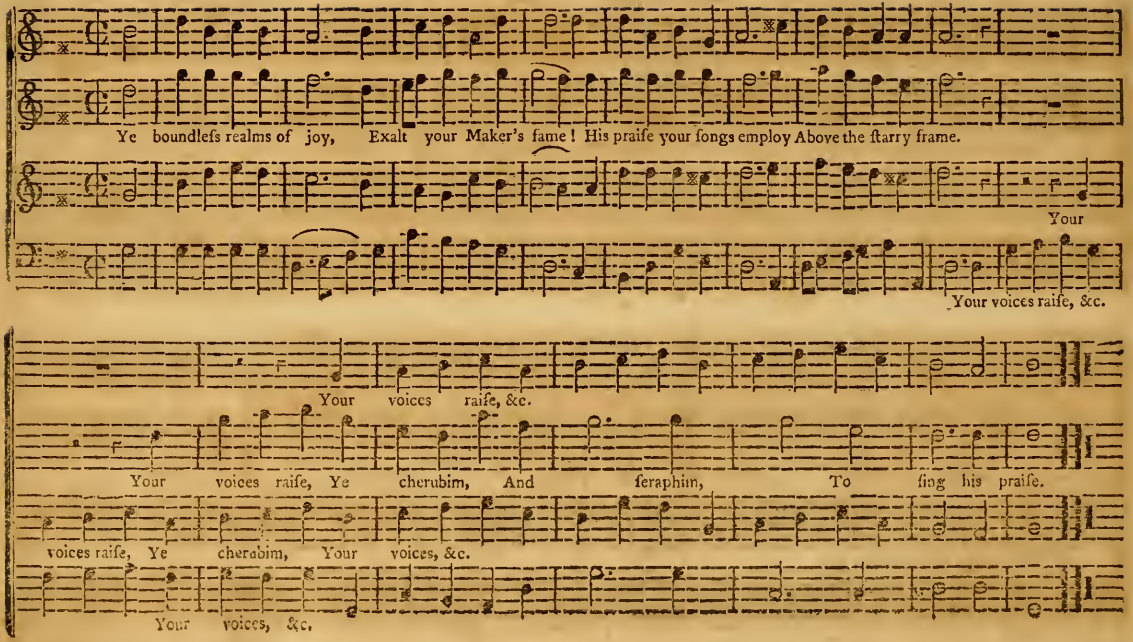

Israel's fairest tents excel. Fame glorious things of thee shall sing, O city of th' Almighty King.

Immanuel. L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.

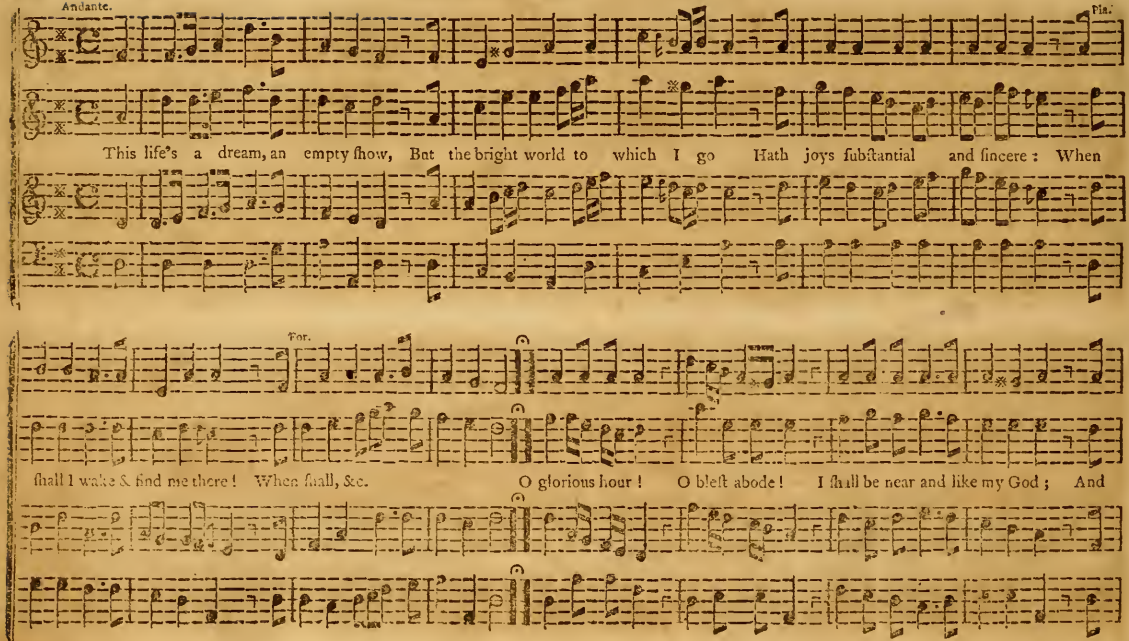

My ſhepherd is the living Lord; Now ſhall my wants be well ſupplied: His Provi-
dence and holy word Become my ſafety and my guide. Become my ſafety and my guide.
Become my ſafety and my guide.

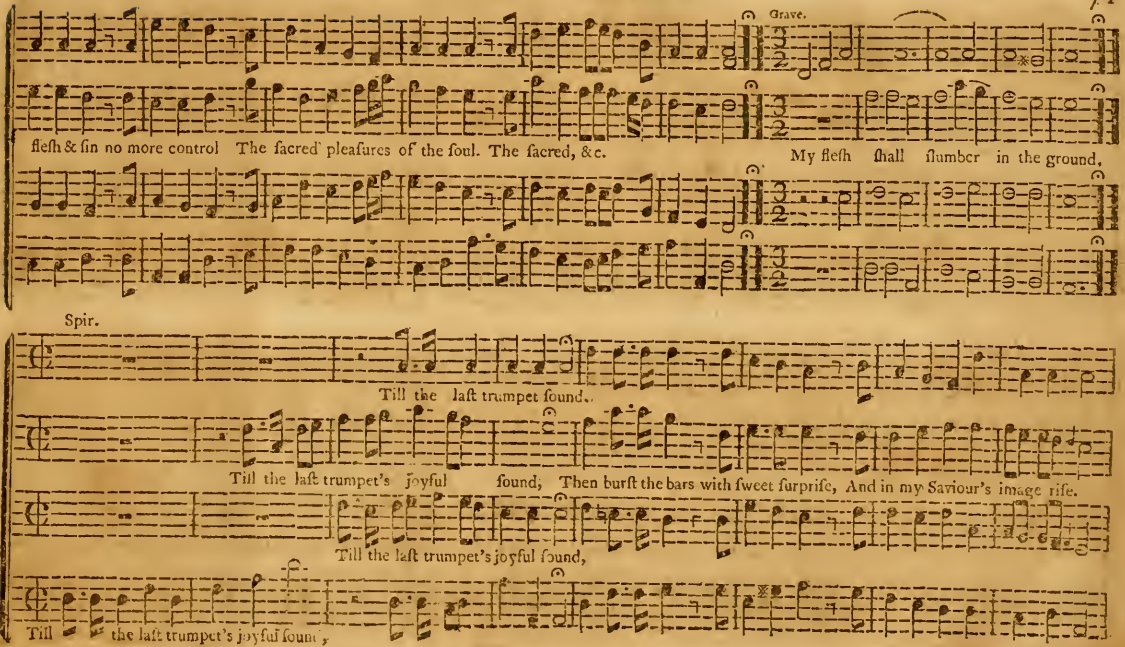
My thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies, And look within the veil ; And look within the veil ; There
There ſprings of endleſs
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe, The waters never fail.
pleaſure riſe, There ſprings, &c.
riſe,

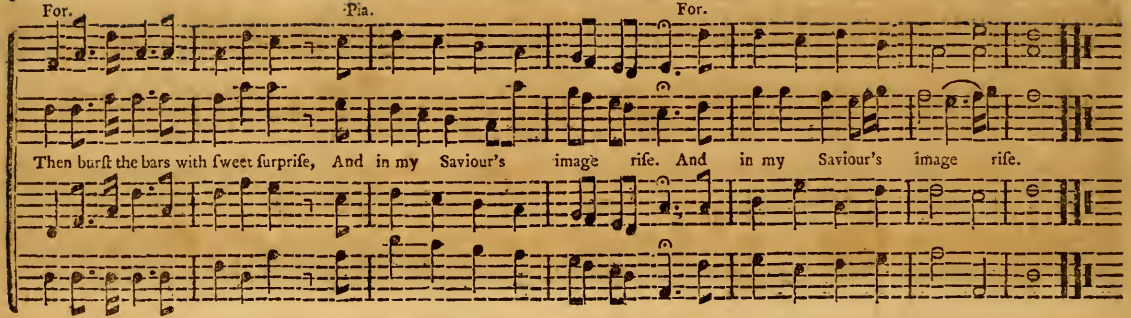

Ye boundleſs realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame! His praiſe your ſongs employ Above the ſtarry frame.
Your
Your voices raiſe, &c.
Your voices raiſe, &c.
Your voices raiſe, Ye cherubim, And ſeraphim, To ſing his praiſe.
voices raiſe, Ye cherubim, Your voices, &c.
Your voices, &c.

He's come, let ev'ry knee be bent, All hearts new joy resume: Sing, ye redeem'd, with-
one consent, The Comforter is come. The Comforter is come.

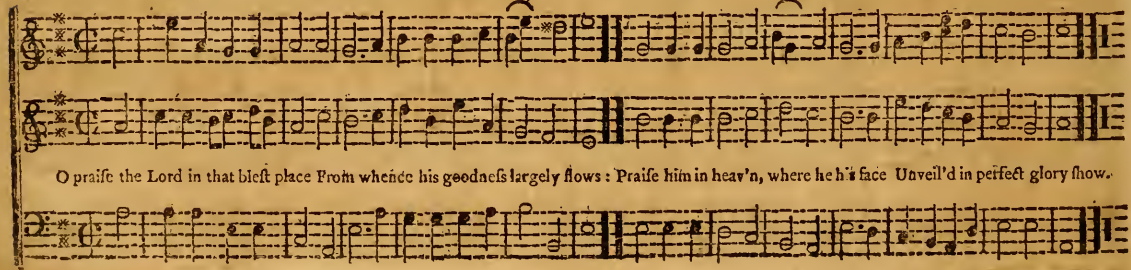
Mount Vernon. L. M.

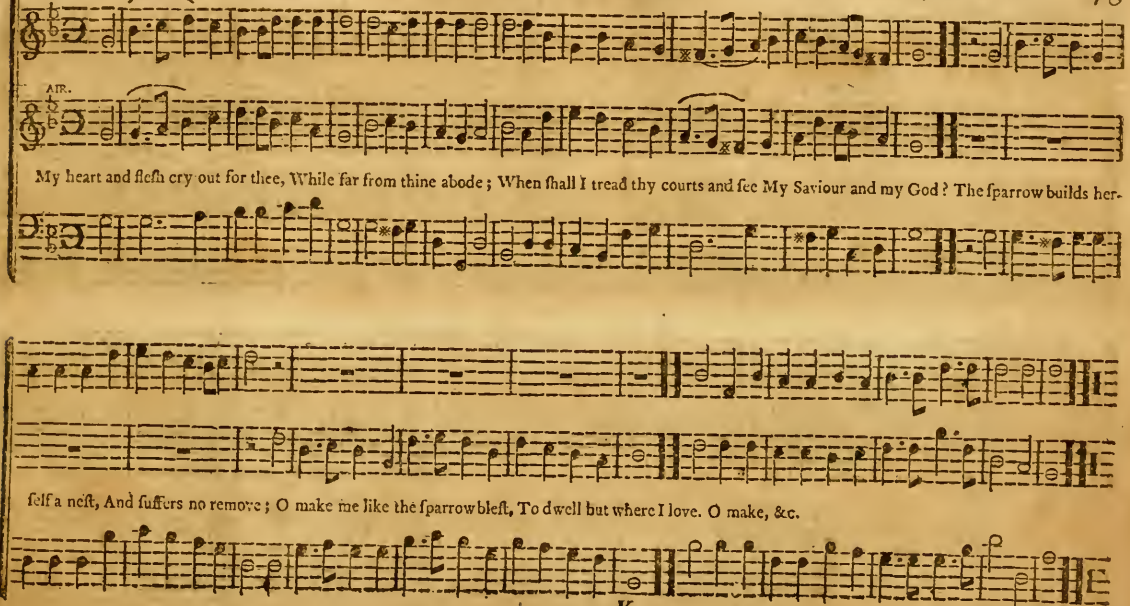

Andante.
Pia.
This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere: When
For.
shall I wake & find me there! When shall, &c.
O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near and like my God; And

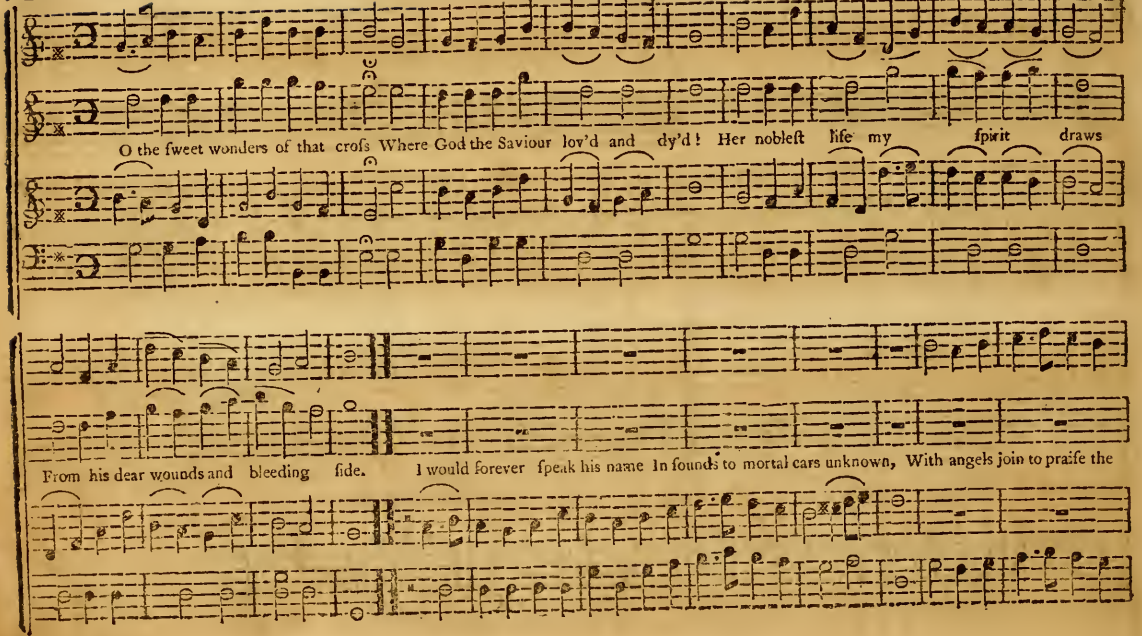

Grave.
flesh & sin no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul. The sacred, &c.
My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Spir.
Till the last trumpet sound,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the bars with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,

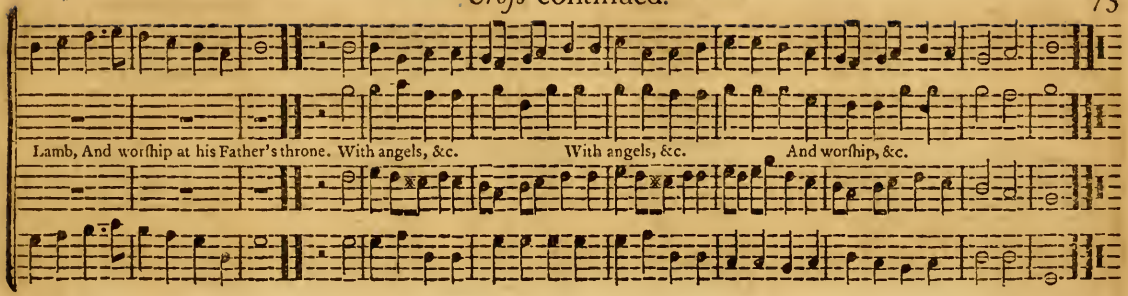


Alexandria. L. M.


O praiſe the Lord in that bleſt place From whence his goodneſs largely flows: Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face Unveil'd in perfect glory ſhow.

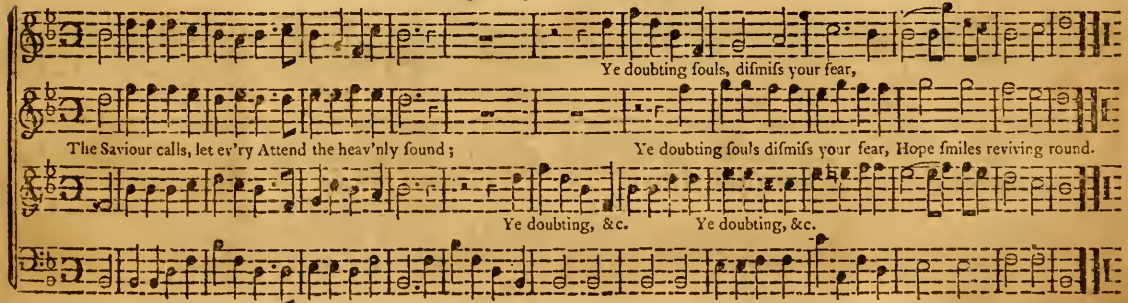

AIR.
My heart and flesh cry out for thee, While far from thine abode; When shall I tread thy courts and see My Saviour and my God? The sparrow builds her-
self a nest, And suffers no remove; O make me like the sparrow blest, To dwell but where I love. O make, &c.


O the ſweet wonders of that croſs Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd! Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide. I would forever ſpeak his name In ſounds to mortal ears unknown, With angels join to praiſe the



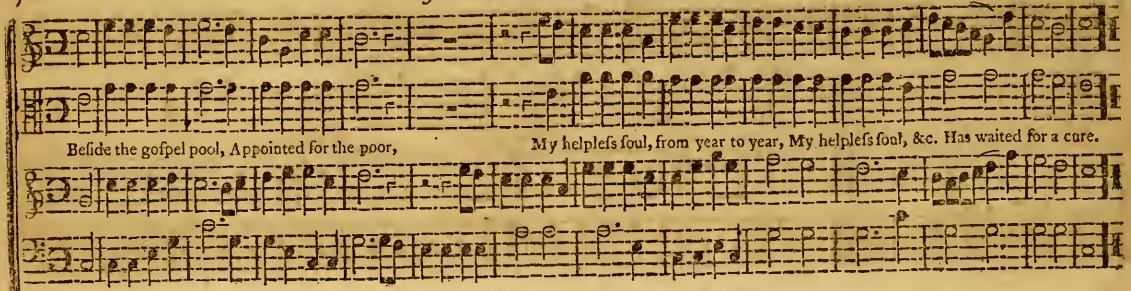
Reviving Hope. C. M.

Words by Mrs. Steele.

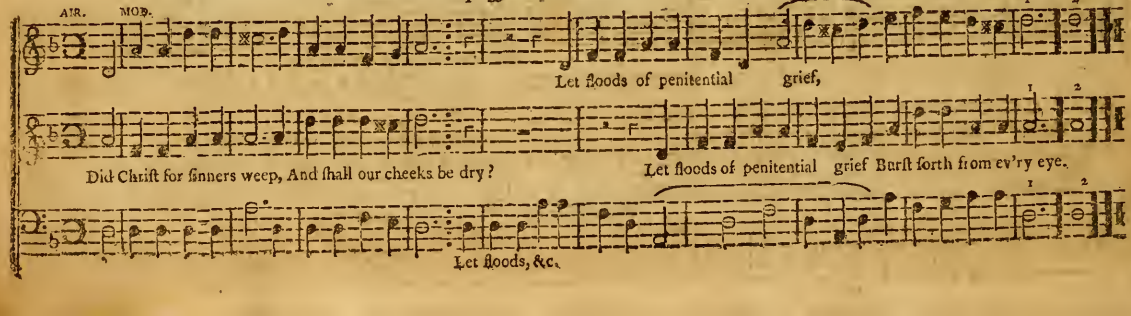

Ye doubting ſouls, diſmiſs your fear,
The Saviour calls, let ev'ry Attend the heav'nly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls diſmiſs your fear, Hope ſmiles reviving round.
Ye doubting, &c.
Ye doubting, &c.

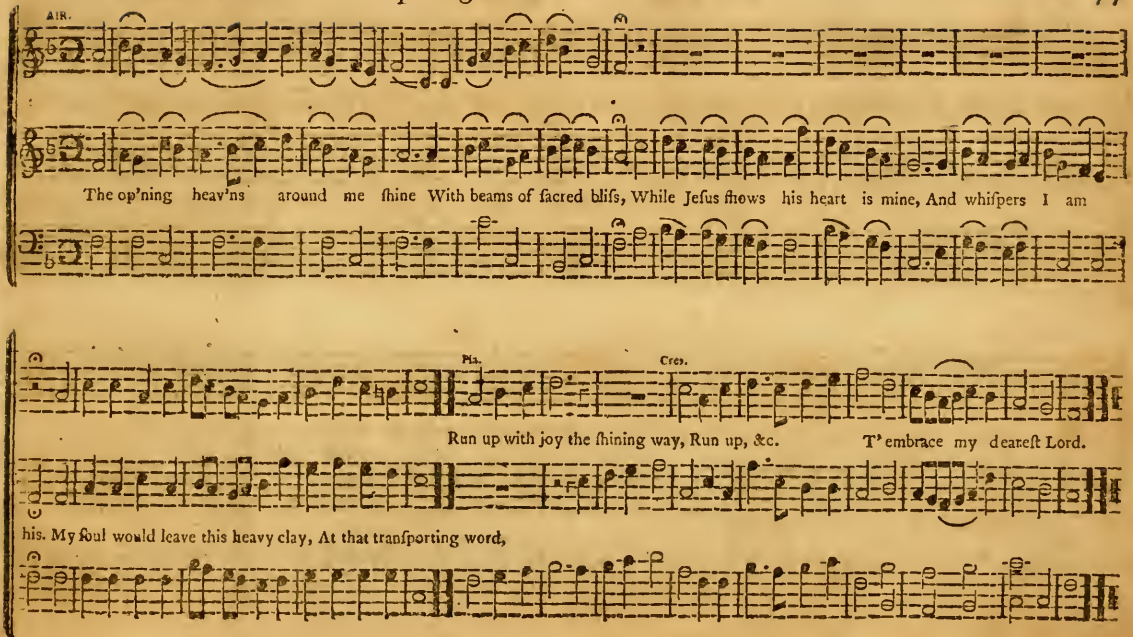
Bethſaida. C. M.

Words by Newton.



Compaſſion. S. M.

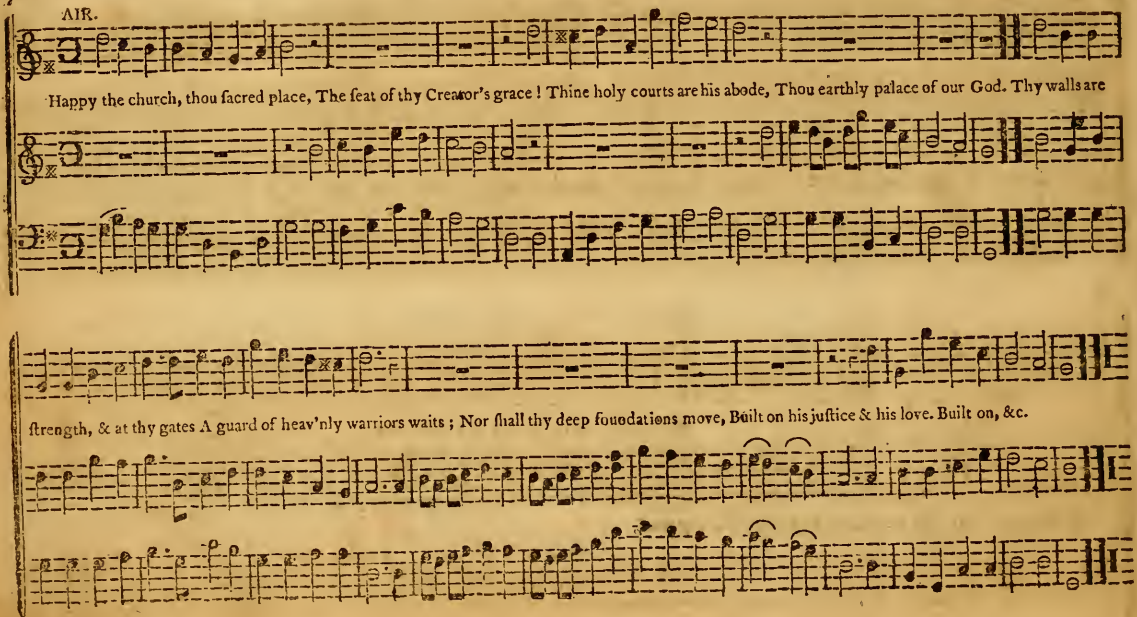

AIR. MOD.
Let floods of penitential grief,
Did Chriſt for ſinners weep, And ſhall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief Burſt forth from ev'ry eye.
Let floods, &c.

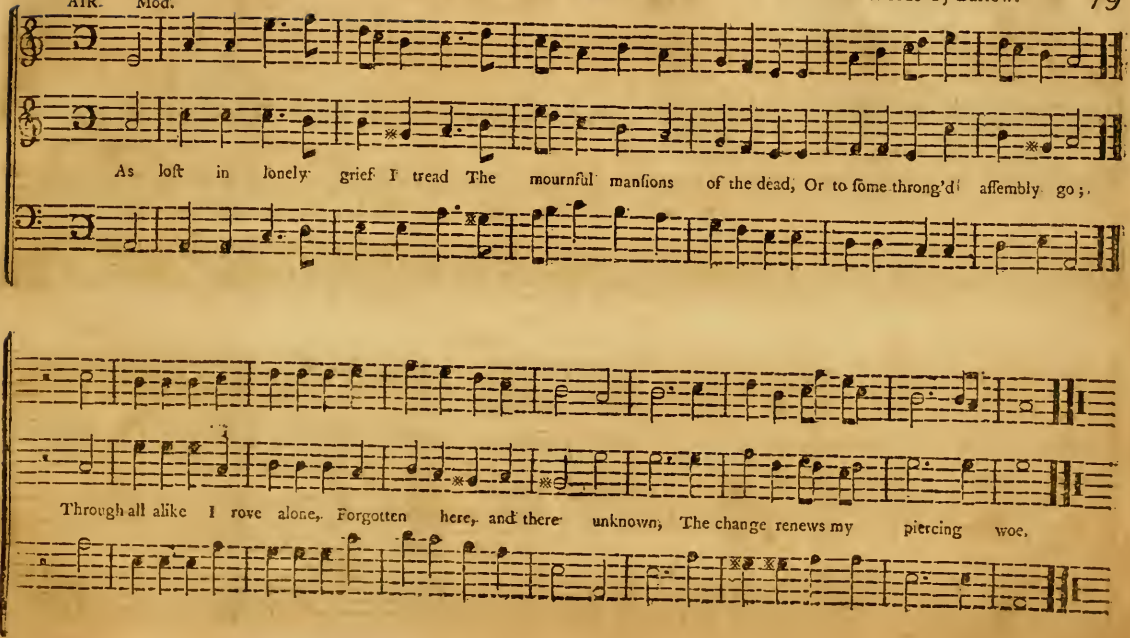

AIR.
The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine With beams of ſacred bliſs, While Jeſus ſhows his heart is mine, And whiſpers I am
Pia.
Cres.
Run up with joy the ſhining way, Run up, &c.
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.
his. My ſoul would leave this heavy clay, At that tranſporting word,

Lodi. L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.

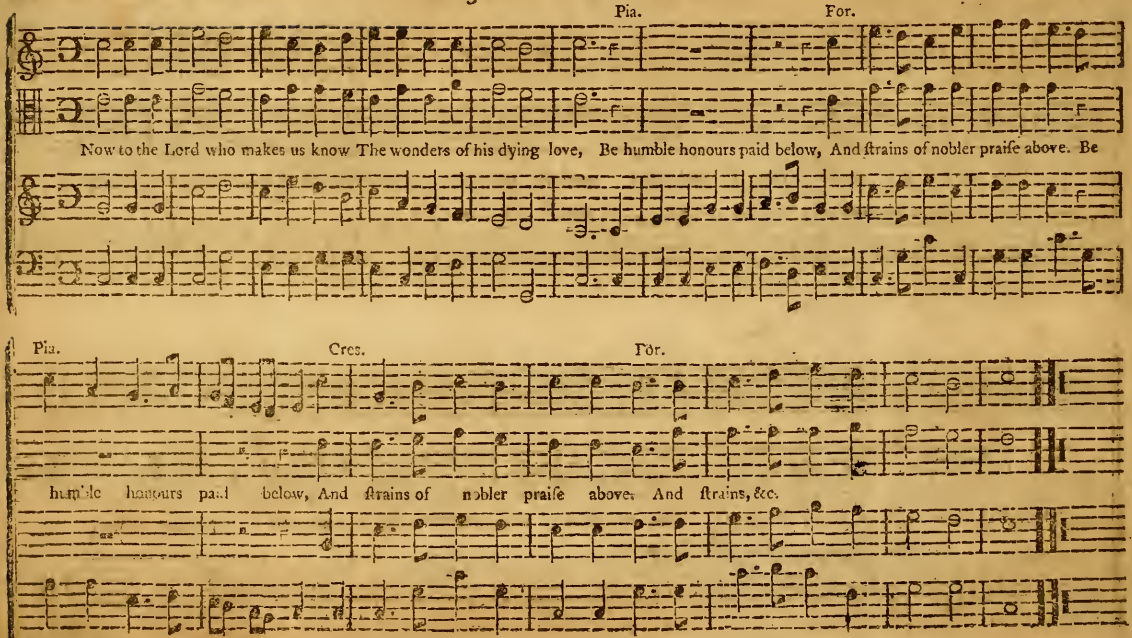
AIR.


Happy the church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Creator's grace! Thine holy courts are his abode, Thou earthly palace of our God. Thy walls are
strength, & at thy gates A guard of heav'nly warriors waits; Nor shall thy deep foundations move, Built on his justice & his love. Built on, &c.


As loft in lonely grief I tread The mournful manſions of the dead, Or to ſome throng'd aſſembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone, Forgotten here, and there unknown, The change renews my piercing woe.

Perſia.. L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.


Pia.
For.
Now to the Lord who makes us know The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honours paid below, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above. Be
Pia.
Cres.
For.
humble honours paid below, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above. And ſtrains, &c.

E. M. Keith